EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

MIDDLE EAST PROSPECTS: Report From U. N.

THE Nation

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The '56 Campaign

BIGGEST FLOP IN SHOW BIZ

by John G. Schneider

Author of "The Golden Kazoo"

Analyzing the Vote

by Louis H. Bean

Direct From Warsaw

Poland on a Tightrope

by Claude Bourdet

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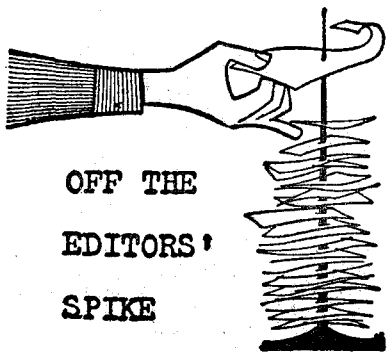

● NAMING THE USSR as "the enemy" in fictional and documentary television programs aimed at "alerting" everyone to the fact that we live in a dangerous world has become common practice, accepted almost as a matter of course. Back in the 1930s, we were more circumspect even with an enemy whom we later actually fought. Japan was never named as "the enemy"; it just happened that the unnamed enemy country of that time always used spies and saboteurs who had protruding teeth and slanted eyes. But nowadays hardly a week passes in which the USSR — named as such — does not make a "sneak" attack on the United States and is then obliterated by way of retaliation. No harm, of course, is intended; every few minutes the viewing audience is casually reassured that the Soviets are not really attacking. A recent example was a TV drama called *Forbidden Area* — CBS, Octobert 4 — a dramatization of Pat Frank's novel. In this production, Soviet spies and saboteurs nearly succeeded in destroying our strategic air force, but the treacherous attack is finally beaten off and American planes "save" our civilization by destroying "theirs." In a news release, CBS reports that *Forbidden Area* scored "a direct hit on the Pentagon"; the Department of Defense requested a special showing immediately following the network presentation.

More recently (November 11), the CBS documentary *Air Power*, in which Generals Twining and Partridge appeared, named the USSR as the nation which had launched a surprise air attack on this country. Here, too, the air force came through in fine style, blasting the enemy's planes from the skies and destroying predetermined targets, all in the nick of time. If we must be "alerted" in this grim and chilling fashion, is it necessary that "the enemy" be named in this crude fashion? Russia and the United States are both members of the United Nations. Each maintains an embassy in the other's capital. Russians visit the United States; Americans visit Russia. Naming "the enemy" may add something by way of verisimilitude but it is an embarrassing and disagreeable practice all the same.

● CHALK IT up as a democratic miracle that Judge Dalip Singh Saund defeated Jacqueline Cochran Odlum (Mrs. Floyd Odlum), the Republican nominee, in the Imperial Valley Congressional district in Southern California. This is the district — the 29th — which Republican John Phillips, one of the organizers of the Associated Farmers of California, represented in the 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd and 84th Congresses. Until quite recently both Negroes and Mexican-Americans were segregated in certain schools in the valley. Judge Saund will be the first Democrat to represent the district for many years; he will also be the first native of India to sit in Congress. Born in Punjab, he came to the West Coast as a young man, attended schools in Berkeley and received a Ph. D. degree from the University of California. Although the U. S. Supreme Court had ruled in 1923 that natives of India were ineligible to citizenship, Judge Saund asked Congress to enact a bill in wartime permitting some 2,000 resident Hindus, most of them in California, to become citizens. Sponsored by Clare Booth Luce and Emanuel Celler, the bill was passed and Judge Saund was one of the first to take the oath of allegiance. Less than a year later he was elected Justice of the Peace and later re-elected. In the 1956 primary campaign, the committee supporting Mrs. Odlum reported expenditures of approximately $57,000 — more than the combined expenditures of all other candidates. Judge Saund couldn't match his opponent in campaign funds, but he managed to pull through by a narrow margin in this normally Republican district. He plans to visit India as soon as possible and hopes, by his efforts, "to contribute to removing misunderstanding between the people of the United States and India."

Judge Saund's spectacular victory has obscured the fact that another native of India, Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar, professor of sociology at Cornell College, was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in Iowa's second district. Dr. Muzumdar summed up his platform in this way: "The United States needs to make friends in Asia and Muzumdar has ideas about how to do it. I have a theory that Iowa farmers ought to

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Editorials

The United Nations: Pivot of American Policy

By and large, the Administration has acted wisely in meeting the grave crisis which has arisen in the Middle East and Eastern Europe.

In discussing the situation in the Middle East one must distinguish, of course, between American policy prior to the crisis and the various acts and statements which have been devised to cope with it. As we have pointed out before, and on many occasions, American policy in that region has been shortsighted and inept; the United States bears, in fact, a large measure of responsibility for what has happened there. But in the wake of the crisis, the President has acted in a manner that commands respect—with discretion, with wisdom and with courage. He has said the right things and said them well. "We cannot—in the world, any more than in our own nation—subscribe to one law for the weak, another law for the strong; one law for those opposing us, another for those allied with us." He took the issue directly to the U. N. He made no blustering statements. He warned the Soviets against direct intervention. And he has avoided taking the issue from the U. N., where it belongs, to a Big Power conference. In this crisis Washington is not moving ahead of the U. N. as it did in the case of Korea; on the contrary, it has elected to throw the full weight of its influence behind the world body.

Suez *could* be a watershed in the development of American policy; it depends, of course, on what Washington now does. But Suez liberated American policy, for the time at least, from restrictions which have consistently hampered it. Had the President placed a blind loyalty to Britain and France above our commitments to the U. N., he would have identified American policy with the colonial position of these old friends. As it is, we have won prestige in colonial areas by supporting the United Nations Charter and by refusing to endorse the "police action" of our allies. The immediate question is: will we once again compromise this country's traditional anti-colonial position out of loyalty to Britain and France? It would be a great pity if we did, for at long last we have won freedom for American initiative on issues in relation to which we have often acted in this post-war period in a manner that has embarrassed most Americans, interfered with the pursuit of America's national interests, and placed this nation in a compromising position at the U. N. There is, at the moment, a great danger that Washington will lose the freedom it has acquired and, under pressure from its allies, support them on colonial issues at the U. N. Cyprus and Algiers will be discussed at this session of the General Assembly. Will the Administration feel compelled to "go along" with the British and the French on these and similar issues?

The Administration's policy in dealing with both crises holds promise of strengthening the U. N. At long last American policy-makers see that since this country must, because of its position, keep a number of different forces in some kind of balance at all times—support for Israel, good relations with Western Europe and the British Commonwealth, long-range good relations with the Arab world, avoidance of a direct clash with the Soviet Union, etc.—American power can be applied most wisely and effectively through the U. N. Hence, there is a good chance that the world organization will become the major pivot of American policy. The U. N.'s performance in this crisis justifies most people's faith in it. It has taken unprecedented actions with striking speed—for a large legislative body—and impressive majorities have been recorded on the key issues.

HAS RUSSIA scored a brilliant diplomatic victory in the Middle East, as critics of the Administration charge? The answer, of course, depends to a large extent on what this country does and what the United Nations does about initiating long-range social and economic development programs in the region (see comments on page 445). One thing is clear: Russia's repression of the mass demonstrations in Hungary has cost her a major defeat—in Europe, throughout the Western Hemisphere, in large portions of Asia and, we suspect, in the Middle East and Africa, too. In a week's time, unaided by Senators Eastland, Jenner and McCarthy, the Soviets have liquidated or weakened, beyond hope of repair or revitalization, the Communist

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movement in the Western world and discredited themselves in the eyes of world opinion.

But it should be kept in mind that the Hungarian situation is not without complications. As the President has pointed out, the United States does not now, and never has, advocated open rebellion by an "undefended populace against force over which they could not possibly prevail." But the real difficulty is cogently stated in an editorial in the Toronto *Star*:

> Where is the line to be drawn against tyranny?
>
> In Europe the line is already clearly drawn through the middle of Germany. It was drawn in the first place by the Russians, but the West has accepted it. The Soviets know that if they cross that line with force, we will fight and take a chance on survival. And we know that if we cross that line with force, it will almost certainly mean the beginning of World War III. Hungary lies on the wrong side of that line. It is a heart-rending fact, but a fact that ought to be faced, to put an end to the bitter self-condemnation and the tirades against the U. N. that are being heard so often in the West these days. We owe the Hungarians sympathy, and material aid in abundance to feed them and bind their wounds. We owe them unrelenting moral pressure on Russia to set them free. We cannot send them an army of liberation.
>
> Liberation of the Communist empire must come from within. And events in Poland and Hungary offer great encouragement to the hope that it will come one day, without war. We believe that the impulse to freedom in the human spirit will outlast any totalitarian system that can be devised.

The Hungarian people deserve, and have won, the world's sympathy. But the President is right in saying that "we should first get this Egyptian thing out of the way." This is not quite the time to bring up "a thing as broad as" the Hungarian issue. The U. N. has not dropped the issue. But there is both logic and sense in dealing with the two crises in the sequence suggested by the President.

It should not be forgotten that the day before the British ultimatum to Egypt, the Soviet Union announced its willingness to withdraw its troops from Hungary. Unquestionably the Administration would like to see what will happen in Hungary and throughout Eastern Europe in the next few weeks before pushing the Hungarian issue any further at the U. N.

Despite the "fatal error" in Hungary, the *Christian Science Monitor's* Vienna correspondent reports (November 14) that "most observers here believe the Soviet Government does not intend a return to the status quo. . . . They expect that ultimate terms will allow the establishment of conditions close, perhaps identical, to those approved in Poland." This is Marshal Tito's view. With this in mind, and if in fact there is a split in the Soviet leadership as Tito insists, then it would be unwise to act in a manner that might tip the scales against the "de-Stalinization" advocates in the Kremlin.

In any case, the U. N. remains the best hope for peace and freedom — freedom through a steadily strengthened rule of law, freedom through cooperation and persuasion, freedom based on the power of modern science and technology, working through U. N. agencies and backed in no small measure by American dollars, to relieve intolerable social pressures of the kind that have produced these explosions.

The Same Old Fork

The Democratic Party has once again come to that familiar fork in the road. It must decide again, and soon, whether its Southern wing shall continue to dominate the Congressional leadership and thereby make the record, fashion the issues and determine national policy. New pressures, revealed by the election returns, may force the party to make a new decision.

1. The Democratic sweep in the Northwest has given additional weight to the elements that have long wanted to challenge the power of the Dixiecrats. The Oregon Congressional delegation now consists of two New Dealers in the Senate and three Democrats and one Republican in the House. In the state legislature, Democrats now hold thirty-nine of sixty seats in the House, while the Senate is evenly divided, fifteen-to-fifteen. For governor, Robert Holmes, the Democratic nominee, defeated the Republican incumbent by a margin of 10,000 or more votes. The Democratic sweep in Washington was even more impressive. Not only did Senator Magnusson win re-election, but state senator Rosellini defeated the incumbent Republican governor by a margin of more than 100,000 votes and the Democrats won control of both houses of the state legislature for the first time since 1946. They may also pick up a Congressional seat—the returns are inconclusive—in eastern Washington. The Democratic sweep in these states, coupled with the defeat of Senator Welker in Idaho, is a clear indication that the party has acquired a new status in the Northwest. As a condition of political survival, the Democrats of this generally progressive region must demand a larger voice in the party's council and they now have the power to enforce the demand. As the Democratic Party gains in power throughout the area west of the Mississippi (see Louis H. Bean's comments on page 446) the relative position of the Dixiecrats will suffer.

2. The Republican upsurge in the South is quite as impressive as the Democratic sweep in the Northwest. Montgomery, capital of the Confederacy, went Republican for the first time since the post-Civil War period. Mobile County went Republican for the first time in its history. Jefferson County, embracing industrial Birmingham, also went Republican. So did any number of Southern cities, including Columbus, Savannah, Nashville and Memphis (for the first time in history). In Texas, Virginia, Florida, Louisiana and

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Tennessee, the GOP is unmistakably in business. The size and distribution of the Republican vote in Virginia indicates that the party might elect a governor next year. Throughout the South the Negro vote was an important factor in these GOP gains, and the number of Negroes voting in the region will increase steadily. As *The Nation* pointed out as far back as September 27, 1952—in a special issue on the Southern Negro—the pressure of Southern Negro opinion is the key factor in the disruption of the Solid South.

Now that the South is no longer solid, there is not the slightest reason why this one region should be permitted to dictate national policy for the Democratic Party. Moreover, there is a wealth of evidence to indicate that Southern Democratic organizations, with some exceptions, gave only luke-warm support to the party's nominees for President and Vice President in this election. From Baton Rouge, for example, comes a report that a major factor in the President's victory in Louisiana was the failure of the Democratic organization to support Stevenson. The Republican victories in Kentucky were in large part due to the fact that Governor Chandler would not actively support the national ticket or the two Democratic Senatorial nominees. In Alabama, even the liberal Democrats—Senators Hill and Sparkman and Governor Folsom—were remarkably inactive. Several weeks before the election, the Texas *Observer* called attention to Senator Lyndon Johnson's reluctance to give the national ticket anything more than token support in Texas. On the charge of bad faith alone, a large portion of the Southern leadership of the party should be repudiated.

Despite all these developments, however, it is by no means clear that the more liberal elements of the Democratic Party, which now control most of the key state organizations outside the South, will rebel against the Dixiecrat leadership in Congress. One difficulty is that the party, at the moment, is without a leader. More important, perhaps, is the fact that Senator Johnson has a special talent for outwitting the liberal Democrats. Without waiting to consult his newly elected party colleagues, he has already announced that the party will not offer a program of its own when Congress convenes. If he succeeds in beguiling the "freshmen" contingent, if once again the rest of the party knuckles under to the seniority-happy Dixiecrats, the Democrats can anticipate another trouncing in 1960. They cannot hope to win a national election so long as they permit the Bourbons to dominate the Congressional leadership. Roosevelt could win in 1940, and again in 1944, after failing to purge the Dixiecrats in 1938; but the circumstances which made these victories possible will not recur. On the contrary, the Bourbon dominance of the party in Congress will become a greater liability with each passing year, for the views of this element on the racial issue are utterly unacceptable to a large and growing national majority.

Juan Negrin

The death of Dr. Juan Negrin, last Prime Minister of Republican Spain, ended a career of brilliance and courage, as well as of tragedy. His most important role was, of course, that of statesman and tenacious leader of Spain's fight against the Fascist axis, which reached its bitter conclusion only six months before Hitler's bombers inaugurated World War II. So the numerous comments on his public record have inevitably bypassed other interesting facets of a many-sided and powerful personality.

Before events drew him into politics, he was a physiologist of great distinction. The constructive quality of his mind was proved when, as secretary of the medical faculty of Madrid University—and its actual chief—he successfully promoted the plan of the University City, a center of research and scholarship which worked a true revolution in the academic life of Spain. Because of his eminence in his special field, many of his colleagues harbored a lasting regret at his leaving medical research for public life. And this feeling was not limited to Spain. His friend and warm supporter in the Spanish war, Professor Walter B. Cannon of Harvard, once said that if Negrin had stuck to his last he would have been the world's leading physiologist.

NEGRIN'S ability and valor as a war leader have been acknowledged even by his enemies. It has been said that he deliberately prolonged the Republican resistance in the expectation that World War II, which he considered inevitable, would come in time to save the Spanish Republic. This is not quite accurate. It is true that he believed Spain's struggle would presently be absorbed into the greater struggle against Fascist aggression, but he was also convinced, even after Catalonia had been lost, that if Republican morale could be sustained in the central zone there were enough forces available to continue the fight. Later the example of guerrilla warfare in Yugoslavia and other countries confirmed this belief, and part of the notes for the first volume of his memoirs, on which he was working at the time of his death, is devoted to an analysis of this point.

But if Negrin was undismayed by the difficulties of the war, he could not endure the post-war divisions and quarrels of the Spanish exile groups. When he was attacked, as often happened, he would never answer. He always said: "Too much has already been spoken and written by Republicans that can be used by our enemies." It should be mentioned here that the frequent characterization of Negrin as pro-Communist was the most preposterous error that could be made. In temperament and thought he was a man of aggressively independent views. After 1945, when he quit as prime minister in exile, he remained out of politics. It was only during the last few months, as the Franco

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regime began to show symptoms of disintegration, that he yielded to the urging of friends and took some part in the councils of the Socialist group to which he nominally belonged. That awakening interest in active affairs was demonstrated, late in October, by his presence at the reunion of the veterans of the International Brigades held in Belgrade. This was the last public gesture of Negrin's life, and one which his friends will remember with satisfaction.

Freedom Is More Than a Word

Marshall Field, who died on November 8, came closer to being an irreplaceable man than most of his more famous contemporaries. Texas may yet produce richer men, but the whole country is not likely ever again to find a rich man with his awareness of the democratic process or his active desire to play a part in it.

Twelve years ago, in 1945 while the world was still at war, he wrote in his *Freedom Is More than a Word* an analysis of American liberalism which was also a moving statement of his personal beliefs. These started from William Allen White's subversive doctrine that the "most serious danger that menaces the freedom of the American press is the obvious anxiety of rich publishers about the freedom of the press," and moved on into areas of inquiry where he was a true explorer.

These words from that book and what he did to make them more than words are his best obituary:

"The depression years of the 1930's forced most Americans to re-examine a good many of their assumptions. So much about which we had felt so sure fell about our ears and jolted us to the very core of our beliefs. Was this cataclysm caused by a failure of democracy? Or had democracy ever really been given a fighting chance? . . .

"Like everybody else, I was forced to reconsider everything that I had taken for granted. Ideas that had before been matters of superficial inquiry demanded tougher analysis. Fixed points in my intellectual world had to be subjected to searching criticism in order to determine how far they really had actual stability and how far I was merely using them as anchors to avoid setting forth on journeys that promised to be strange and that might therefore prove uncomfortable or even dangerous. . . .

"With all my heart I believe that the freedom we fought for in the last war was infinitely desirable, just as it is today; and I believe that democracy and human beings, given a real chance, can develop to heights as yet undreamed of. But in order to have this opportunity, and to realize its full possibilities, the most essential aspect of democracy—freedom of access to facts, to news—must be revitalized and extended. People must be fully informed. All shades of opinion, all significant versions of the facts, should have representation and be given free access to the channels of communication.

"Holding this faith in democracy and seeing this need of adequate popular information, I was naturally impelled to investigate how I might contribute toward making democratic freedom more than just a word. The chance of inheritance has, fortunately, given me several such opportunities, such as that of supporting two daily newspapers; *PM* in New York and the *Sun* in Chicago. Since these were the first metropolitan dailies started for more than a decade, because *PM* is a fighting newspaper which has taken no advertising and has been completely free from interference by its owner, and because the *Sun* entered the Chicago field as a competitor to an intrenched monopoly, these papers have become matters of controversy. The *Sun* has also challenged what it considers the monopolistic news and picture privileges of members of the Associated Press. . . .

"IN MAKING these efforts to promote freedom, it can be said here in a preliminary way that I have sought to function as a participating member of a democratic society, with unusual opportunities to serve because of my financial resources, and not as a man of large property interests actuated by attitudes of self-protection. It is my hope, naturally, that our present social system can be safeguarded and made to function effectively, but I am convinced that this can be done only if modifications are faced frankly and constructively. . . .

"There is, of course, no such thing as an inherent right in private property. Theories to such an effect, like theories concerning the divine right of nobility, were invented by propagandists to justify otherwise untenable positions. What private property any of us enjoys represents the acquiescence of society in our private control of it. It is a privilege Western society has traditionally granted to its stronger or more fortunate members, and, like every privilege, it carries with it certain obligations as a kind of payment for the privilege. Those who neglect the obligations, I am convinced, speed the day when this privilege will be curtailed or perhaps denied.

"In essence, my conception has been that my funds could best be utilized as germinal money. That does not imply either casual use of the funds or their squandering. If any given enterprise is to serve social ends, it must within a reasonable time have proved of sufficient utility to society so that society undertakes to support it. . . .

"For the future of democracy to be secure, for freedom to be more than a word, those with financial and political power must regard the constant rejuvenation of freedom as their pressing duty. They must not hold their privileges lightly, and they must regard their obligations very seriously. One cannot help recalling a statement made in a different context by Abraham Lincoln when he told Congress in the dark days of the Civil War that 'in giving freedom to the slave

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we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.' . . .

"Along the road toward the restriction of popular rights lies authoritarianism, darkness, chaos.

"Along the road toward the expansion of popular rights lies a rejuvenation of what we have known in this country as democracy and the spreading of its opportunities and privileges to all of us. This expansion we must nurture and protect.

"And how can we do this? First, perhaps, by being alert and active in the main areas of democracy. Let us start by seeing ourselves as we are, by examining our society in some of its vital characteristics, its relation to the individual and to minorities and by seeing how we can best educate our children for democracy. . . .

'With men and women of stout heart everywhere, I am 'against people who push other people around', and I want . . . to help 'assure freedom to the free'."

Prospect for the Middle East

United Nations

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD, Secretary General of the U.N., and the United States, Britain and France have agreed on a common policy. It is to keep the U.N. police force in Egypt until negotiations are under way for settlement of Arab-Israeli relations and of the Suez Canal's future. The prospect for solving the Suez conflict is incomparably better than for a lasting accommodation between Israel and its neighbors.

The Eisenhower Administration intends at a suitable moment to present a plan for Arab-Israeli agreement. State Department officials say it will be on the familiar pattern. That would include a guarantee of frontiers after the disputants have accepted them; it would renew the project for joint development of the Jordan River; it would offer substantial financial aid to create homes for the Arab refugees from Palestine.

For years suspicion, ambition, fear and hatred have brushed aside this reasonable scheme. Now a fresh complication has arisen. Since the tripower declaration of 1950, designed to preserve the armistice lines, is dead, what shall replace it? One suggestion is that the United States alone should assume the obligations which—on paper—Britain and France shared with America. But would Congress approve such an extension of our military and political commitments, guaranteeing the borders of Israel, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon and Jordan? An alternative proposal is that the United Nations should give the guarantee. The weakness of this plan is that in case of future aggression, a veto in the Security Council would prevent enforcement.

These are only some of the reasons why a durable Arab-Israeli settlement remains out of sight. Furthermore, recent events have hardly modulated Arab enmity towards Israel.

Washington's belief that agreement on the Suez Canal is attainable rests in part on some hitherto undisclosed facts. When Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi Bey visited New York last month and engaged in private talks with the British and French, he went much farther than was ever revealed toward meeting the canal users' demands. He moved even beyond India's compromise, which would have limited the users' association to being a purely advisory organ. Concessions hinted at by Fawzi would have pledged the Egyptian Canal Authority to cooperate with the users' group, perhaps with its membership enlarged to embrace more of Egypt's friends. Fawzi contemplated giving the users' association a voice in the allocation of canal dues, in the canal's maintenance and development and—in a consultative capacity—in the canal's actual operation. There was at the time an informal understanding that Egypt, Britain and France would resume their talks in Geneva with Dag Hammarskjold present as moderator.

All this went down the drain when Fawzi returned to Cairo—well before the Israeli and Anglo-French military actions against Egypt. The British and French had correctly surmised that Fawzi might fail to win President Nasser's acceptance of these proposals. Yet the fact that Egypt's foreign minister could discuss appreciable concessions even in secret is evidence that there is scope for an accommodation.

The unknown in this as well as all other Middle East perspectives is the extent to which the Russians will stiffen Nasser's attitude. It would be wrong to believe that Moscow has set for itself the exclusive aim of aggravating the turmoil. Contrary to that assumption, it was the Kremlin which advised Egypt to accept the U.N. police force. However, since catching his breath after Israel's defeat of the Egyptian army, Nasser's behavior has been steadily growing tougher.

One reason for Hammarskjold's flight to Cairo was to try to fathom the enigma of Soviet-Egyptian relations, a decisive factor in world affairs at this juncture. The Anglo-French fiasco in Egypt has left a vacuum in the Middle East. Who will move in, the United States or Russia? At present the Soviets are a comfortable *verst* ahead. Why? Because a crucial question at the moment is this: In Arab eyes, who will have forced the British, French and Israeli to cease fighting and to remove their armed forces from Egypt? The Arabs are convinced that the credit for those accomplishments belongs to Russia and not to Messrs. Eisenhower or Hammarskjold.

The United States thinks the best

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answer to this is the U.N. emergency force now being assembled in Egypt. This force may be the most suitable instrument for preventing Soviet military intrusion into the area, according to the American calculation. Washington does not believe that the international police, by force of arms, could block the arrival there of so-called volunteers from the Communist camp. That is outside the powers of the U.N. force. Its function is to maintain the cease-fire and to supervise the withdrawal of British, French and Israeli troops. In the event of foreign military intervention, the U.N. units would simply observe and report. Their commander would alert the U.N. General Assembly, which could then make a decision as to active countermeasures.

The inclination in Washington and among many delegations at the United Nations has been to assume that stories about 50,000 Soviet "volunteers" being ready to go to Egypt to fight are a bluff. There is uneasiness, though, lest Russia really send troops to the region if guerilla fighting starts between Egyptians and Israeli in the Gaza strip or between Anglo-French soldiers and Egyptians in the canal zone. The functions of the U.N. emergency force do include measures to forestall guerilla skirmishes which might afford the Russians a pretext for interceding. The Eisenhower Administration thinks this danger can be minimized if the U.N. troops move in fast enough and in adequate strength. At this writing, the whole effort of the U. N. is in this direction.

It is being suggested in the corridors of the United Nations that existing perils could also be reduced by placing the Gaza strip under the administration of the world organization.

Meanwhile, a little more light is being shed on the shabby plotting which fired the fuse of the present Middle East crisis. The day after the Israeli invasion of Egypt, John Foster Dulles told friends that he had reason to believe there was collusion among Britain, France and Israel. Cumulative evidence has since pointed to a French-Israeli conspiracy; but it is less certain that Britain was the third in a cloak-and-dagger triumvirate. The British were, of course, in cahoots with the French. However the French seem to have had their own little affair with Israel. This by no means exculpates Britain. Facts in Washington's possession point clearly to a British plan, perfected well before the event, to use armed force to wrest the Suez canal from Egyptian control.

Perhaps it's unnecessary to prove a point which is generally viewed as part of the historical record. Nevertheless, the information in Washington's hands enriches the background of Middle Eastern events. The United Nations has learned that the British Admiralty approached a salvage contractor in Denmark, named Switzer, weeks before the Israeli attack on Egypt. The Admiralty arranged with the Danish concern to remove obstructions from the bottom of the Suez Canal at a time when no such obstructions existed. After the Anglo-French attack, twenty-seven ships were scuttled in the canal to prevent Egypt's foes from using the waterway.

It was in anticipation of this Egyptian action that the British made their arrangements with the salvage company in Denmark. It reveals again the fraudulence of Britain's pretence that her aggression in the canal zone was a sudden answer to an emergency caused by Israel's invasion of Egypt.

ANALYZING the VOTE

The Effect of Crisis . . by LOUIS H. BEAN

"POPULARITY" and "crisis" are the two key words in the explanation of what happened in the election on November 6. The political tide developing over the past four years and in the course of the campaign since the conventions, made it reasonably clear that Eisenhower's popularity would be the central feature of the balloting. By mid-October it looked like an Eisenhower victory with a smaller margin than in 1952, and Democratic control of both houses of Congress. Then came the international crisis—the uprisings in Eastern Europe and the Israeli-British-French moves on Egypt. Instead of an estimated 53 per cent of the popular vote compared with 55 per cent in 1952, Eisenhower received 58 per cent. This last-minute lift I am inclined to attribute almost entirely to the frightening international developments. The majority of voters decided against swapping an elephant for a donkey in midstream.

But these considerations alone, of course, constitute much too simple an explanation for those who know their politics from the inside—who know how the two parties fought for the farm, labor and Negro vote, as well as for the Jewish, Catholic and independent vote. And there was the problem of the voters who disliked Nixon and were concerned about the President's health and efficiency and his chances of surviving a second term. There are always many facets to a nation-wide election, but one or two are more important than the rest.

In this preliminary survey, I find that none of the campaign issues

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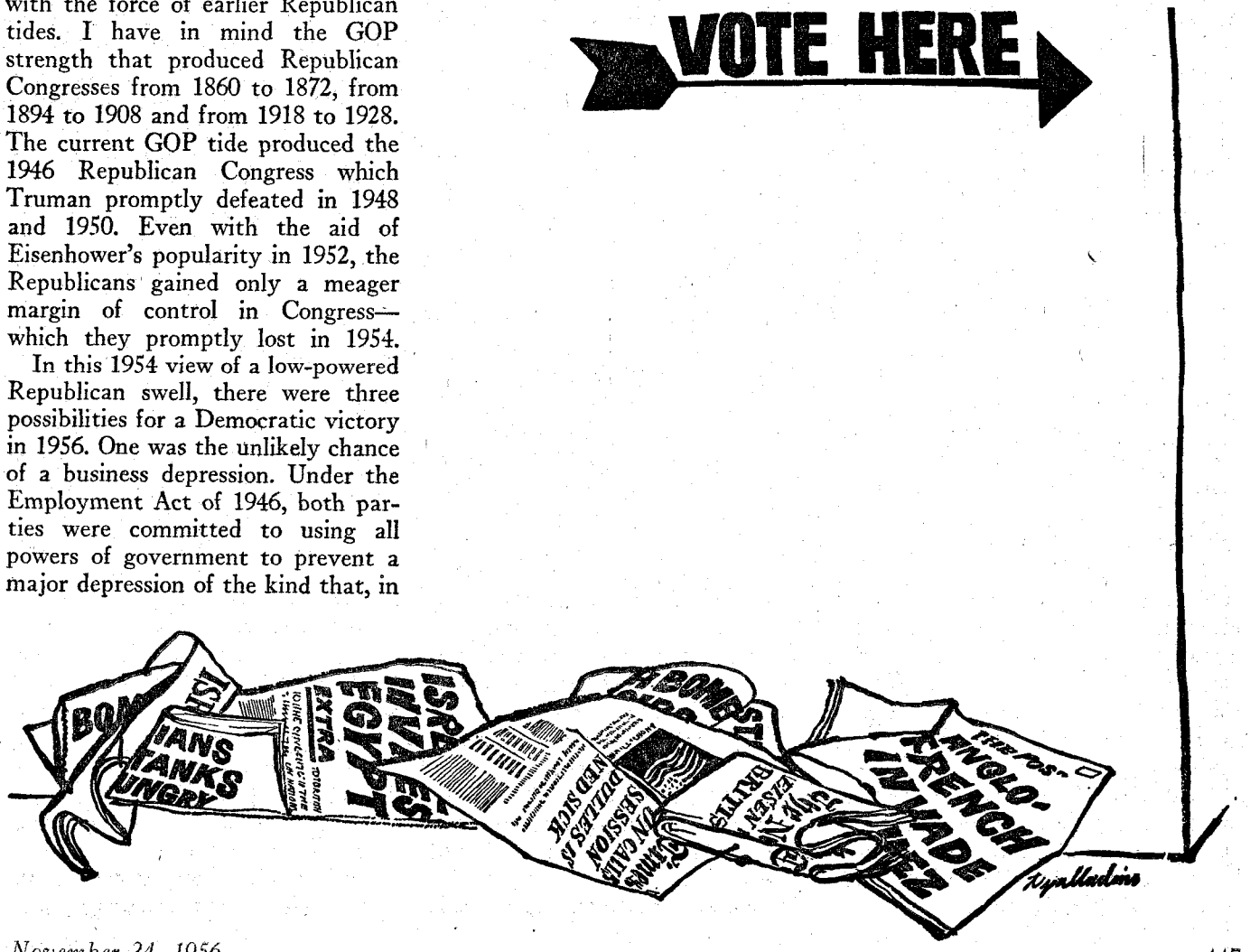
used by the Democrats was powerful enough to offset the Republican advantage in having a very popular candidate. Even if Stevenson had had more time to develop his thesis that the President and his Secretary of State were in a measure responsible for the Middle East crisis, I think many voters would still have shifted from Stevenson to Eisenhower. In a time of great international tension, the man in the White House—whether Republican or Democrat—is bound to profit. In this instance, probably as many as three to three and a half million voters shifted to Eisenhower during the last two weeks of the campaign.

A bit of historical perspective may be useful at this point. After the Republican failure in 1954 to retain control of Congress even with the aid of campaigning by both Vice President Nixon and President Eisenhower, it was fairly clear that the Republican tide that had started rising after 1936 was not moving with the force of earlier Republican tides. I have in mind the GOP strength that produced Republican Congresses from 1860 to 1872, from 1894 to 1908 and from 1918 to 1928. The current GOP tide produced the 1946 Republican Congress which Truman promptly defeated in 1948 and 1950. Even with the aid of Eisenhower's popularity in 1952, the Republicans gained only a meager margin of control in Congress—which they promptly lost in 1954.

In this 1954 view of a low-powered Republican swell, there were three possibilities for a Democratic victory in 1956. One was the unlikely chance of a business depression. Under the Employment Act of 1946, both parties were committed to using all powers of government to prevent a major depression of the kind that, in the past, had toppled both Republican and Democratic administrations. The Eisenhower Administration was in fact anxious to avoid a repetition of even the minor Truman recession of 1949 or the minor Eisenhower one in 1953. Having devised measures for economic stability at close to the full-employment level, the previous Roosevelt-Truman Democratic administrations in effect handed the Republican strategists of 1956 their "prosperity" issue on a full-employment platter. Indeed, I am inclined to hold it as a mark of ingratitude on the part of Leonard Hall that at the medal-pinning session of the Republican convention he failed to call up the authors and chief supporters of the Employment Act of 1946 to receive their proper reward. These unsung contributors to the nation's prosperity are more deserving than the Republican medal recipients who opposed them ten years ago.

The second possibility for a Democratic victory was a split in Republican ranks. In 1912, for example, the Republicans lost to Wilson—in spite of existing prosperity—because of the Roosevelt-Taft split. With Senator McCarthy in the headlines in early 1954, another Republican split was not an unrealistic consideration. But Democrats and some Republicans joined in removing that possibility. Instead there emerged the prospect of a split among the Democrats over the segregation issue.

The third possibility for a Democratic victory lay in a diminution of Eisenhower's popularity. Two years ago this, too, did not seem as unrealistic as it does today. By the end of 1954, six in ten thought Eisenhower was doing a good job compared with nine in ten shortly after he took office in January, 1953. But this decline in his rating was reversed in 1955 by moves on the international front. The outstanding



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example was the favorable public reaction to the Geneva summit conference; here was clear evidence that any gesture toward peace would redound to the credit of the man in the White House, just as it did during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. Two months after Geneva Eisenhower's popularity received another boost—a sympathy boost—as a result of his heart attack.

None of the other issues carried national weight. Farmer discontent was not as widespread as that which helped Truman in 1948; and where farm prices and farm income were depressed, the farm belt's interest in peace was a strong offset. Besides, for reasons only psychologists and sociologists will fully understand, rural people who early in 1956 said they would give their vote to Kefauver instead of Eisenhower, did not want Stevenson. Moreover the President, while vetoing a bill for 90 per cent price supports, used the same pen to raise the price supports which his Secretary of Agriculture had just announced! The power issue, too, was only of local interest. The desegregation issue, with wider appeal, tended to play into Republican hands especially among Negroes and Northern liberals. The "conflict of interest" and the "giveaway" issues, the Democratic equivalents of the corruption issue used against them in 1952, did not rise to the headline importance attained by the 1952 mink coats.

IF WE come now to the early weeks of the 1956 campaign, it was no great surprise to find that the eagerly awaited national post-convention polls showed Eisenhower well in the lead, as he had been at the same stage in 1952. It seemed as if the 1952 pattern would be repeated; i.e., an early advance in Stevenson's strength which would stabilize itself at about the 45 per cent level for the duration. (Contrary to general belief, not even the Eisenhower promise to go to Korea caused any noticeable change in the 55-45 Eisenhower-Stevenson balance indicated in the pre-1952 election polls.) This 1952 pattern did actually develop this year. Stevenson again showed an early advance, but it was checked as the GOP campaign gathered momentum. Depending on what poll you live by, national sentiment during the last half of September and early October stayed fixed at from 53-55 per cent for Eisenhower and 47-45 per cent for Stevenson.

During the last part of October, however, both the Roper and Gallup polls showed a marked departure from the 1952 pattern, with the Eisenhower percentage advancing by about five points. Since this shift coincided with the crisis in Europe and the Middle East, one can reasonably conclude that the "international issue," kept dormant by the Republican emphasis on "peace" as well as prosperity, at last took hold. Of course, when details of the campaign become better known, they may reveal a different explanation.

How the crisis abroad could affect the vote is quite clear. Most of us don't know the intricacies of foreign policy either because we are disinterested or because the facts are not readily available. The overwhelming majority of voters must therefore fall back ultimately on the word that issues from the White House. This is equally true of such complicated national-security issues as the H-bomb and the draft proposals which were injected into the campaign by Stevenson at too late a date to obtain public understanding of what was involved. On these matters, word from the White House or from men close to the President goes farther than the word of the opposing candidate. For this reason, too, I am inclined to suspect that the surge to Eisenhower during the last two weeks of the campaign was the natural result of the crisis in foreign affairs.

I WANT TO press this view a bit further, for if it is correct it has a bearing on what you may see as you begin to turn your attention to the political prospects for 1958 and 1960. It is necessary to see the full meaning of the peculiar fact that the nation elected Eisenhower with a handsome majority—58 per cent of the popular vote—and at the same time elected a Democratic Congress. Normally, with a Congress 53-54 per cent Democratic, Stevenson should have had at least 53 per cent of the popular vote. Does this mean that from now on we are to see more vote-splitting than ever? If Eisenhower's present ten-point advantage over Stevenson is to be attributed, say, half to the popularity factor and half to the foreign crisis, then with a diminishing Eisenhower influence in 1958 and in 1960, the clue to political prospects lies in Congressional party strength rather than in the 1956 Presidential results.

Vote splitting is not particularly new. In 1904 Theodore Roosevelt ran 15 per cent ahead of his ticket. Woodrow Wilson in 1916, and Harding in 1920, ran 10 per cent ahead; Hoover and Roosevelt ran about 12 per cent ahead; Eisenhower in 1952 ran about 20 per cent ahead and in 1956 probably about 22 per cent. Much of the greater vote-splitting in the Eisenhower elections was due to the Southern vote.

WHAT did actually happen in this election, state by state? From the data now in hand, some of which is still incomplete, one can obtain illuminating results. Comparing the Republican Presidential percentages of 1956 with those of 1952, one finds that Eisenhower lost ground in most of the states west of the Mississippi. In the heart of farm discontent (North and South Dakota), the shift to Stevenson amounted to twelve to thirteen points; elsewhere, one to eight points. In several of the Far Western states, Eisenhower showed no gains. In the states where he showed losses, I take it there was dissatisfaction among farmers. In the states where he made no gains, as in California, I infer the drag of Nixon on Eisenhower's coattails. The states in which Eisenhower made his advances over 1952 are for the most part in the North, in the border states and in the South. I find it additionally significant that the greatest Eisenhower percentage gains are in the Northeast, the very states where the record shows there is greater voter sensitivity to international crises. You will find that in roughly similar situations in 1916 and 1940 the man in the White House received increased support from voters in the Northeast and

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the Far West, with a lag in support among the states between the Mississippi and the Rockies.

There is unmistakable evidence that the Negro vote in many places shifted substantially to Eisenhower. Judging from the voting in New York City, it appears that the Jewish vote (and, I am inclined to think, the Catholic vote also) responded by and large in about the same way as all other groups to the President's popularity and to the international crisis. This probably also holds for the labor vote.

It would be premature to conclude that the 1956 election results foreshadow the same kind of party lineup in 1958 and 1960. From a Democratic standpoint such cities as Chicago, Baltimore, Milwaukee and Los Angeles, which went Republican for the first time in many years, are not likely to stay Republican when the temporary influences of Eisenhower's personal popularity and foreign crises disappear. In the farm belt, Democrats are likely to do better in 1958 than in 1956 if Eisenhower retains his highly unpopular Secretary of Agriculture. Democrats in general may also look forward to gains in 1958 because it will be a mid-term year. From the Republican standpoint, one issue, segregation, holds further potential value, especially if the Northern and Southern Democrats fail to close the gap that still exists between them.

'56: SHOW-BIZ FLOP

The Pitchmen Were Off Pitch . . by JOHN G. SCHNEIDER

About the Author

The author of the popular novel, *The Golden Kazoo,* which laughs the pitchmen out of politics in a witty story about an imaginary 1960 Presidential campaign, here takes an aisle seat to deal, as critic, with the pitchmen's role in the real campaign of 1956.

FROM time to time it's gotta happen to every drama critic, but why has it gotta happen to me? The drama critic is assigned to cover a new show which has all the buildup and ballyhoo to tag it as the biggest thing since Macbeth. The production has everything: big name stars, top-flight writers, famed directors, producers who don't fool around with anything but smash hits, plus a budget which lists millions and peanuts in the same entry. Even as the critic takes his seat down front on the aisle, he is searching his vocabulary for fresh, unhackneyed superlatives—and just what are the synonyms for "colossal?" Unbelievingly then, and ever so sorrowfully, the critic sits through a bad show, a real stinker, a flop. Sorrowfully he must go back to his typewriter and report the sorry facts.

I accepted an assignment to cover the 1956 political campaign, its public relations, sales promotion and advertising angles, and I was ready for anything and everything. I fully expected to see and hear a dandy, daringly imaginative, inspired, diabolically shrewd, extravagantly lavish ten-week Spectacular. After all, Mr. Leonard Hall had said that every TV or radio appearance made by a candidate "must be a production."

Well, the late campaign was lavishly extravagant in its expenditure of money. Otherwise, and it grieves me to so report, as a sales-promotion job, it was a flop. The campaigns of both parties, the whole show, came out a dismal flop. And yes, students, it *is* possible for a political campaign to take 457 electoral votes and still be lousy. We'll get to that angle presently.

First, though, the conscientious reviewer is impelled to note that a really bad sales-promotion job isn't always the fault of those craftsmen and artisans who "created" it. Always there is involved both a creative group and a client, a sponsor. It is the money-given right of every sponsor to okay or to reject even the best of promotional plans and ideas. We'll never know just how much of the recent debacle is attributable to Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne (agency for the Republican National Committee), to Young & Rubicam (National Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon), to the omnipresent Mr. Robert Montgomery, the paid publicity experts, the unpaid volunteers recruited from radio and TV networks—and how much is the slightly criminal responsibility of Mr. Eisenhower, Mr. Leonard Hall and the rest of the "client" group. Similarly with the Democrats' Norman, Craig & Kummel, Mr. Walter O'Meara (consultant)—or with Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Jim Finnegan, et al.

In politics as in business, the ideaman proposes, the money-man disposes.

Perhaps it's just as well that we cannot know who wrecked whose campaign. We may proceed to a dispassionate analysis of the mess without pointing an accusing finger at any individual or any group.

TO GIVE small credit where small credit is due, both parties tried to lighten and brighten their campaigns. We who can take television were privileged to see and hear some extraordinary sights and sounds:

There was that singing commercial with Ike and Mamie doing "God Bless America." They didn't sing good, but what the hell—neither does Johnny Ray, and Johnny also wows the public.

There was Adlai, presumably just returned from a shopping trip with his daughter-in-law—Adlai carrying a homey sack of groceries into the old homey homestead as he delivered homey comments on the rising cost of living. It was, as show people say,

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strictly stage "biz," but it certainly had a homey appeal.

There was Ike cast as the contestant on a trans-America quiz show. The questions weren't fixed, it is said, but the questioners surely were: they demanded of the old boy only such answers as could have been given by any ten-year-old child wearing an "I Like Ike" button. But it must be admitted that the quiz format was more interesting than straight political speech-making would have been.

Inevitably, there was Adlai's dog and there was Kefauver's cat. The cat didn't quite make TV, probably because a slow cameraman failed to get Estes' cue line, a suggestion to his daughter that she fetch the animal. Dogs and cats are predictably good attention-getters: some of us would rather look at dogs and cats than at candidates.

There were girls, slews of girls, all more or less pretty. They made the Republican "bandwagons" resemble so many chartered buses transporting so many chorus girls from one tank town to the next. No argument about girls: they get an audience. Ask Jackie Gleason. Ask Ed Sullivan. Ask Len Hall.

BOTH parties, all of their many pitchmen and promoters, had a field day—the critic hesitates to make it "cornfield day"—with happy homes, loving wives, fine kids and perfectly wonderful grandchildren. (Grandchildren included both current, Rep., and expected, Dem.) Good show. Public-relations men especially love such addenda as Nixon's two and Kefauver's four kids. In 1956, "family" was worked almost as hard as God—and God appeared more often than any issue, foreign or domestic.

There was one dramatic interlude which almost made it seem that the GOP would get the campaign off the ground and up into that beautiful blue-sky heaven of TV salesmanship. This scene opened with the camera on a cab driver and his dog (again) standing in deep shadow across the street from Ike's White House late at night, gazing at a lonesome few lighted windows in the joint and musing: "Tonight, while I'm thinking of *him*, I got a feeling he's thinking of me! Of my job, home, future, kids and all."

Very offbeat. Probably quite effective. Without benefit of modern research, one would guess that only a negligible few voters entertained the irreverent thought that if the man across the street really was up so late, maybe he was (a) playing bridge, (b) trying to second-guess what went wrong with his iron shot on the Number Six hole today, or (c) taking a couple of pills. No, my educated guess would be that the viewers swallowed without gagging this TV concept of an overtime President, and to a corresponding extent forgot their earlier impressions of a part-time President.

YES, there were bright spots, but they were few and far between. And, it must be noted, few of them were very bright. The audience-attracting, attention-getting gimmicks and gadgets were for the most part dull, unimaginative and old hat. The viewer who really was *entertained* by the 1956 campaign must be that same viewer who is just crazy about Charlie Chan movies.

But if the entertainment was mediocre, the salesmanship was lamentably worse. Throughout early weeks of the campaign, "Peace, Prosperity and Progress" were on sale at the one store, while its competitor across the street promoted "A New America." As sales slogans, as promotional aphorisms, these two are 1910-bad, not 1956-good. They are meaningless, impersonal, corny (sorry, "corny" is the only word that's completely right). Any sales manager who used or approved use of such promotional turkeys would be fired, and quickly—before he'd have time to bankrupt the company.

Politicians did better long decades before the advent of advertising agencies and public-relations firms. "Peace?" Unh-unh. Make it personal, give it immediacy and urgency, get it down to earth. Peace was far more attractive merchandise when Woodrow Wilson's sloganeers made it, "He kept us out of war!" Similarly with "Prosperity": back in 1894, McKinley translated the impersonal word into a dynamically personal slogan, "The full dinner pail!" As for that monstrosity, "A New America," it is enough to make an old adman weep: he can hear the customers muttering, "New? Schmoo! What's for me in this 'New'?"

No salesmanship. You see, in any smart, modern, successful, big-time sales promotion there are two elements: one is entertainment, which *gets* an audience, the other is that reasonably simple, easily understandable, preferably memorable "commercial" which *sells* the audience. Now this commercial need not be as simple as a slogan or jingle. Some of the very best copy is long copy. It's quite possible to so construct a half-hour speech, or even a whole series of half-hour speeches, that they leave the listener with a few simple, understandable, memorable impressions.

This concept of salesmanship is ABC stuff in uptown TV studios, along advertising's Madison Avenue and in corporation offices from coast to coast, but somehow it eluded those brains which ran the 1956 campaigns. They tried to do half of the job: with girls, dogs, wives, kids, birthday parties, Jimmy Stewart, elaborate stage sets, home, Jehovah and all the other attention-getting devices. They never learned that the promotion job isn't completed until the commercial comes through loud and clear.

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It never did. It came through as a confusing welter of slick words and phrases, as a long succession of "issues" which changed and multiplied day by day, as a hodgepodge of slogans—of which not a single one either had the validity or was given the repetition to become a respectable sales pitch.

THIS WAS the campaign of 1956 at the technical level, in the political area roughly equivalent to that occupied by business sales managers and advertising-agency vice presidents. Now let's move upstairs to the board room, to that hallowed sector where top management makes fateful decisions. Here, each party made one big, stupid, unbelievably amateurish blunder:

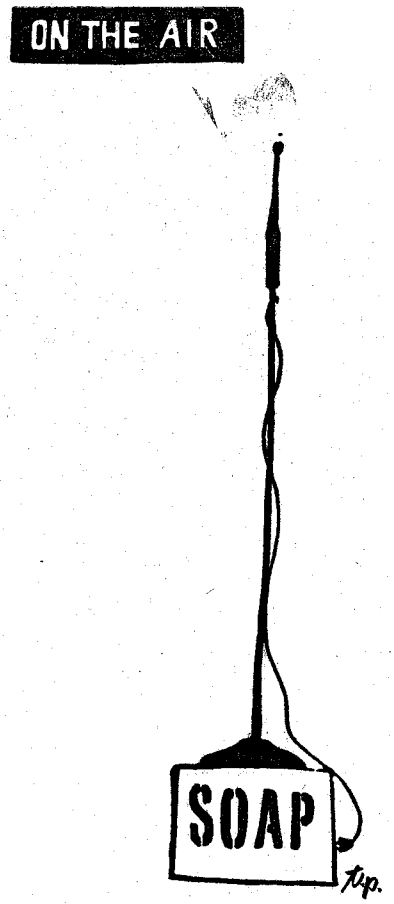
Republicans deliberately—and ostentatiously!—dissociated their showcase product from the rest of the line.

Democrats restyled their top product, not into an advanced model, but into a bad copy of their old 1948 item.

The GOP was like a company happily and somewhat luckily in possession of a magnificent "showcase" product—a unique, exciting, publicity-rich, fast-selling, top-of-the-line super model. It's hard to believe, but somehow the Republican top management decided merely to sell this priceless corporate asset. To advertise, promote, publicize, display and sell it.

Which makes no sense whatever to anyone who has even the faintest familiarity with the arts and skills of sales promotion. When you have a hot showcase item, you use it to help sell the rest of your line: you tie it in with the slower moving, less glamorous, bread-and-butter products. To illustrate, Ford Motor Company designed and built as a showcase product the Thunderbird, a kind of glorified hot-rod. And very hot merchandise it was. Wherever the item was displayed, prospective buyers drooled and lusted for it. Naturally and sensibly, Ford promoted the Thunderbird as forerunner, symbol and epitome of all the tremendous values to be found in all Ford cars. Soon, the prospect who could afford only the smallest, cheapest model was a well conditioned set-up for the sales spiel which told him he too was getting Thunderbird styling, Thunderbird power features, Thunderbird this and that.

Well, if Republican strategists had been running Ford's sales policies I fear the Thunderbird would have been smuggled out of the factory in the dead of night, to be sold as private-brand merchandise. Ike was smuggled out of the party, always was promoted and sold as a demigod



above and remote from mundane party politics, always bore the private-brand label, "Great American," and never the company label, "Republican."

Oh, to be sure, he went into many states to speak for many candidates. But in the promotion business, "speaking for" is a distressingly poor substitute for "identifying with." Franklin D. Roosevelt learned the difference between these two concepts when he spoke for some candidates, against others. What he *said* about any given candidate for the Senate counted for little: but what he *was*—and always he was clearly labeled "New Deal Democrat"—sold the voters on some candidates who otherwise would have been easy outs at first base. I rather think that Ike himself dimly perceived the need for a good, tight tie-in between showcase product and standard merchandise. Time after time he was quoted as saying that he sought a second term only "to complete the job of rebuilding the Republican Party."

Somebody in that board room fouled him. Even on November 5, when the outcome of next day's election already was known to both candidates, to pollsters, politicos, newsmen, to you and to me—even on that Election Eve when the showcase product already was sold and oversold, they took one solid hour of TV time to sell Ike, without a single discernible attempt to sell the Eisenhower brand of Republican candidates. Even on Election Eve it was, "Trust Ike!"

Democrats should be humbly grateful to that unknown, unsung and uneducated Republican policy-maker who must have said, "Look, boys, Ike is stronger than the party, see? So we sell Ike this way, see—he ain't a Republican, he ain't hardly human, he's 'way up there in the sky lookin' down and watchin' over us poor, dumb, helpless Americans, see?"

IF DEMOCRATS should be humbly grateful to this Republican dope, they should lustily damn the Democrat in their own board of directors who must have said: "Look, this Adlai didn't sell so good in 1952, and I tell you he's got to cut out humor and stuff. Wisecracks don't sell. You wanna know what sells? That solid old corn that peddled Harry Truman, that's what. The 'Give 'em hell, Harry' stuff, that's what. Know what I mean?"

When the policy makers accepted this advice, they made a big, stupid, unbelievably amateurish blunder. In this case it wasn't a fatal blunder, because what was fatal to Mr. Stevenson was Mr. Eisenhower. Adlai was knocked off not in the TV studios, but on the Normandy beaches and in a ticker-tape parade down Fifth Avenue. He was a casualty in the Democrats' war against a grin, a goodness and ghost writers.

Still, he would have done better,

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much better, as the old 1952 model. That item wasn't showcase merchandise, but it sold pretty well. And the competition was hotter back then: Ike hadn't been shopworn by four years and two illnesses. Humor doesn't sell? Nonsense! FDR, the most political pitchman of them all, on occasion would put a whole speech into the realm of satire. You students should be required to reread his "Martin, Barton & Fish" comedy masterpiece. Even Herbert Hoover—after he lost in 1932—became a more effective, more popular and more persuasive salesman by inserting some witticisms amongst his massive solemnities. And Abe Lincoln on the campaign trail plugged dozens of jokes, such as they were.

"Give 'em hell"? It simply doesn't work. It's a political myth. In politics as in business, it's a waste of time and money to knock the competition.

So they restyled Adlai, they cut him down to the stature of a Truman, they eliminated the wit, they tacked on some chrome gingerbread combativeness, they piled on issues as if they were accessories—they ruined the product.

The old 1952 Stevenson was a product which could be and was loved madly (not *that* alliteration!) by liberals, by "independent" voters. This 1956 item was merchandise which we would buy only reluctantly—if at all. Those of us who bought it did so hoping that when we got it home to the White House we could strip it down to the old 1952 chassis, and find there the same clean, flowing lines, the flashing acceleration, the solid, built-in values. But far too many independent voters saw only the restyled, doctored, hastily repainted and generally botched product as it was put on display.

Bad show.

I came to the theatre expecting to see a brilliant, entertaining and rather terrifying display of promotional techniques as they are used to either help or corrupt politics. I was prepared to do my review in a sober-sided manner: pointing out the potential dangers lurking in this polygamous marriage of politics with public relations, advertising and sales promotion. But as I sat there watching this dying duck expire on the stage, I came full circle, so to speak. I think that next time the two parties *should* hire some boys who know how to sell a product.

I can't recall a national advertising campaign which was so poorly conceived, so badly written, so clumsily managed and produced, so misdirected and so dishonest as the political campaign of 1956. Maybe if we get some smart, amoral, know-how boys into the act, we'll get a better show in 1960.

POLAND on a TIGHTROPE

Report from Warsaw . . by CLAUDE BOURDET

Warsaw, Nov. 11

"THE HUNGARIANS are behaving like Poles, the Poles like Czechs, the Czechs like pigs." That is the latest joke every Pole will tell you with a whimsical grin in the streets of Warsaw. It means that the Hungarians have had the mad courage usually attributed to Poles, that the Poles themselves have shown the steady intentness attributed to Czechs, and that the latter have been . . . rather quiet.

The joke—which is only one among many, for the Warsaw population is as high-spirited as ever—reflects the mixed feelings of the Polish people towards the whole situation in Hungary and in Eastern Europe. They are indeed pleased to realize that their country, possibly for the first time in history, is conducting a fight for freedom in the only way which promises success—that is, with courage and firmness, but carefully avoiding the heroic attitudes which are natural to Polish sentimentality. After a few days here, one realizes that the whole country—and not only the United Workers (Communist) Party — is united behind a man who has become the very symbol of Poland and Polish socialism: Wladyslaw Gomulka. Everybody seems to believe that Cardinal Wyszinsky's support of Gomulka is sincere—at least for the time being. This support deprives any right-wing movement seeking to exploit the present situation of the essential help of the Catholic Church, and exerts a calming influence. The Cardinal publicly supports the government in restraining any hot-headed moves on the part of the younger population; his speech on Sunday, November 4, in the Warsaw Cathedral, stressed the fact that *"it was easy to die, but that we were born to live."* People even accept the diplomatic necessities which forced Poland to remain in line with the Russians on the Hungarian problem in the United Nations.

But at the same time there is a wave of disgust at what is happening in Hungary, and a feeling of guilt at not being able to do more for the Hungarian people than to voice, in a muffled way, one's sympathies. In Cracow last week a huge and silent procession of students, workers, etc., walked through the streets. They had promised not to shout and not to carry posters; instead they carried Hungarian flags with mourning crepe. Poland's most popular newspaper, *Po Prostu*, which expresses the feelings of the Communist students, has been fighting for months a winning battle against bureaucracy and Stalinism, and recently wrote: "We are opposed both to the Anglo-French ag-

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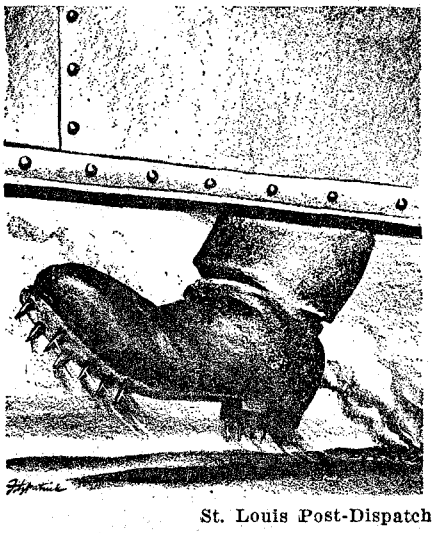
gression against Egypt and to the intervention, for the second time, of Russian troops in Hungary." But the paper adds, "However, America is allied to Western Germany, American divisions are stationed there, the Western Powers have refused to guarantee our Oder-Neisse frontiers, and therefore there are Polish reasons of state which make us accept Russian divisions in Poland."

What *Po Prostu* says openly, most people say privately. But it is also clear that if the Poles had not the feeling that they have, at last, a strong, responsible and independent government, they would not have proved to be so reasonable. Herein lies Gomulka's dilemma. He must satisfy the expectations of the country, which wants independence and the freedom to solve Polish problems in a Polish way. He must take into account the resentment of a people which has had to suffer much since 1949 from a lunatic economic policy imposed either by the Russians or by Poles who used Russian power and influence. But at the same time, he must avoid provoking the Russians, and especially, he must hew to the Russian line in matters of foreign policy and military bases. This line will not change as long as the West supports territorial claims of West Germany and as long as American forces ring the Communist world. It is a great pity that President Eisenhower was not able, before events in Hungary took their final and tragic turn, to impose on the Pentagon the plan which, according to the London *Observer*, he has been toying with: a great European "barter" involving the withdrawal of American bases from Western Europe and of Russian forces from Eastern Europe.

However, if it is tight-rope walking for Gomulka, the rope seems taut and strong, and the man on it has good nerves. What Gomulka must achieve is a little bit like what the Swiss did during World War II and the Finns during the height of the cold war: combine internal defense with external caution. In the case of Poland, this means the elimination of all traces of foreign subservience in the Polish army, the police, the party, the government and administration; the correction of past economic and political mistakes; the establishing of the closest possible links with the population and especially with the industrial working class. The new courage and energy of the people must be channeled into the enormous task of making Polish socialism work.

IF ALL this can be achieved, then the battle of Polish socialism will be already half won. But the tasks demand an extraordinary amount of courage and self-restraint. The evident presence of this singular combination in the new leadership has surprised the Poles themselves. Foreign observers hardly believe their eyes; this sort of thing is actually so unusual these days that one can easily understand their doubts. Yet it works. Last week there was a panic in Warsaw when the Polish Press Agency announced that the government was replacing a number of Russian generals and high-ranking officers, who still occupied key positions in the Polish Army, with officers who had been in the Polish Communist underground and even in the Polish air force which fought with the British during the war. A sober and well-informed Anglo-Saxon correspondent wrote at the time: "This is a crisis decision; it means that Gomulka is ready to fight. Tomorrow we shall be in the cellars of our Embassies." Actually, the Kremlin had already accepted, in principle, the idea of the "Polonisation" of the army. But carrying out the decision at the time of the Hungarian crisis required a great deal of pluck and steadiness.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Workers' Paradise in Hungary

The Polish leaders proved right; the Russians did not move a finger. Nor did they when, a few days later Rokossovsky was eased out. As somebody told me just a short while ago, "You cannot have a second Hungary worse than the first—or it's the third world war." One can say that there is presently no actual threat over Poland except that of a world war. That is probably why the morale of Warsaw, a town which is accustomed to living dangerously, is so high. The experiment goes on; the cleaning up of the party and of the government continues gradually. There is no undue haste now that the police are safely in the hands of Gomulka's fellow-prisoner, General Komar, and the army in those of his friend, General Sypchalsky, also a victim of the anti-Gomulka purge. There will be no hurry, and even some delays. Such delays have already enabled some reactionary correspondents to cable triumphantly to their papers that Gomulka was folding under Russian pressure. Actually, Gomulka does not want to make any show of spite or revenge. One of his friends told me, "We don't even want to sack all the Russian officers. Some have shown a lot of understanding for our desire of independence."

AS FOR these stooges, they appear to be doomed and have already lost practically all influence. They are trying desperately to justify their past attitudes, but there is fierce hatred for them among the rank-and-file of the workers and especially among party members. They are gradually being sacked from their jobs in the local organizations of the party and trade unions; members of the former Socialist Party, who had not joined the United Workers Party or who had been eliminated in 1948-1949, are now joining the party or becoming active again. The Peasant Party, up to now not much more than a front for the Stalinist leadership, is becoming increasingly active, and its new leaders seem to be as enthusiastic as others about Gomulka and as ready as the new

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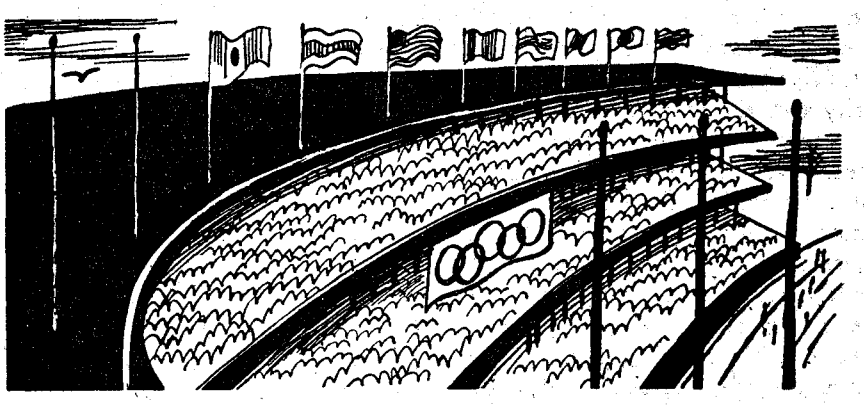
Communist leadership to make socialism work in Poland.

For the time being the greatest problem for Gomulka lies in another direction. He must make the economy work, and make it work quickly. Otherwise, the present enthusiasm of a hungry and tired people might dwindle. Will the Russian help? Or will they, instead, stand aside, hoping for Gomulka's fall, or even make things more difficult by subtle sabotage? The question is open. But it is quite clear that liberals and progressives all over the world have a great part to play in making the Gomulka experiment a success. This means, first, understanding its problems and its needs, and, second, making public opinion understand that Gomulka's success, which could pave the way for world peace, can only be achieved if the West discards all cold-war attitudes towards Poland. We must try to help the Poles not out of hatred against Russia or out of indignation at the Russian's shocking attitude in Hungary, but out of sympathy and respect for the Poles and also out of a desire to bring the Russians back to a more decent, sensible policy. "We must not give up the hope," a very national-minded Polish Communist told me yesterday, "to bring back on top the forces in Russia which were strong enough a few months ago to compel the Russian leadership to renounce Stalinism."

The Hungarian Olympics . . by DAVID CORT



ONE MORE ominous clue to Russian intentions, when the threat of "force" in Egypt was made in Moscow, was the fact that a Russian ship full of Russian athletes on the way to Melbourne had temporarily disappeared in the Indian Ocean in a fog of radio silence. The presence of Hungarians aboard the ship made a travesty of the Olympic claim that athletes have no politics.

One could understand the International Olympic Committee's desperate statement, "The Games are not, and must not become, a contest between nations, which would be contrary to the spirit of the Olympic Movement and would surely lead to disaster. For this reason there is no official score by nations, and tables of points are entirely inaccurate."

The modern Olympics' expressed hope of enduring as long as the ancient games—at least 1,170 years—was looking sickly. The old games had the protection of a universal religion and a quadrennial "sacred truce" enforced first by Sparta and later by several comparatively tolerant empires. The present climate of nationalism-cum-ideologies is hardly as favorable.

The modern system must permit nations to pick their own athletes through channels. But what is the status of the Hungarians at the Melbourne Games? Their personal position may be heroic, their political position is impossible. They have already declared that they will not compete under the flag of the Communist Hungary that selected and despatched them. The unofficial individual asserts his will at Melbourne, as in Budapest. The solution of the Olympic Committee is important as a test of whether the individual is really the important unit in this world.

The episode dissolves some of the myth that the world is composed of two great power blocs, and that the Olympics are merely a dual meet between the U. S. and the USSR.

Yet, no matter what the risks, team scores will remain of intense interest. Winning a race does not prove one nation "better" than another; probably winning a war doesn't prove it, either. Yet the results are simply too interesting, chastening, inspiring, to be ignored. Modern cultures can use the inspiration. American victories in track and field have challenged fifty countries to cultivate those sports. American life has been changed for the better by taking up sports first excelled in by other nations—skiing, fencing, soccer, swimming and weight-lifting. The Olympic Games have had a powerful effect on the release and expression of the peoples' energies.

This is most apparent in the new and small nations. The physical and spiritual energy of the new world may first become apparent at the Olympics. At the Melbourne Games, there will be a Nigerian high-jumper who will probably place; two North Borneo hop-step-and-jumpers who probably will not; great wrestlers and lifters from the Moslem world; a superb field-hockey team from India; improving cyclists from Australia, South Africa, Uruguay and Argentina; great swordsmen and distance runners from Hungary; swimmers from Brazil and the Caribbean nations; strong soccer teams from most of Latin America; distance runners from South Korea and Argentina; a seven-foot, six-inch basketball player from Russia; and

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the strongest man in the world, a sort of Humphrey from the Joe Palooka comic-strip, Paul Anderson, the weight-lifter from Georgia.

The two great powers have staked out hegemonies in certain sports. My prediction is that all the smaller powers, many of whom have had American coaching, will challenge them. Records get broken, when people care. Now they care.

The Russians have done their best to guarantee the outcome. They organized 7,000,000 athletes, sieved out 10,000 for trials in August and finally selected a full team, the maximum permitted any one nation.

But the Russian women especially will be up against a lot of lady newcomers. Not even the Russian women's claims on shotput and discus (Zybina and Ponomarjeva) are really entirely safe, though they are so regarded. The Germans and Czechs are dangerous; and Japan has a contender, Yoshino. The Hungarian women, if they compete, are interested in the gymnastic gold medals. However, it may seem to all the Hungarians, men and women, that a gold medal is a trifling revenge for the destruction of their country. Every event they enter will become an act of mourning.

THE SIZE of a country is not the index of its athletic prowess. Often a single man or woman has accounted for four firsts—forty points, according to the United States counting system. Such unheralded champions will appear again. Russia's distance man, Vladimir Kuts, may be up against a herd of determined Hungarians as well as the British and Australians. The Japanese cracked the American monopoly once in swimming and diving, and may do it again, aided by all Scandinavia, the whole British Commonwealth, Hungary, France, Italy and Brazil. The marathon is completely up for grabs, with faster middle-distance runners entering it; so is the steeplechase.

The number of countries participating in successive Olympics tells much of the story; 1896, thirteen; 1900, twenty; 1904, eleven; 1906 (unofficial), twenty; 1908, twenty-three; 1912, twenty-eight; 1920, twenty-nine; 1924, forty-four; 1928, forty-six; 1932 (depression), thirty-seven; 1936, forty-nine; 1948, fifty-nine; 1952, sixty-nine; 1956, seventy-four (before the withdrawals). The number of contestants is now around 5,000.

Once the games start, the problem becomes how to score them. The American claim is that men's track and field are the heart of the Olympics. It is true that without them, the Olympics would not mean much; but from 1896 on, such sports as fencing, wrestling and gymnastics have been considered basic to the Olympic idea.

On the bookkeeping end, one can reasonably say that only first places count. However, the Olympic Committee awards medals to the first three places and diplomas to the first six. Both the American and Russian systems of bookkeeping award five, four, three, two and one to the second to sixth places. American newspapers give ten for firsts, Russia seven.

One theory is that Russia before 1952 carefully analyzed the list of sports, the available events, and the number of contestants permitted one nation in each event. Track and field was ruled out as a big point-winner, because only three entries were allowed per event, and the United States had the world's fifteen best performers in some events. In gymnastics, however, six places can be won in each event. This view held that Russia took gymnastics, women's events and wrestling as the soft underbelly of the Games. In gymnastics alone, one nation could ideally score fifteen times twenty-five points, or a total of 375 points.

Attaining the highest Olympic team score was never the purpose of Russia's great sports program. Undoubtedly the USSR instituted the program for the usual social and military reasons, and is using the Olympics as internal incentive as well as external propaganda. It will use any gimmick it can to win individual gold medals. It may even threaten athletes from Soviet satellite nations if they are likely to upset a member of the master race. Particularly in these Games, that is far from an impossibility, for Soviet prestige has been laid on the line.

A country that wants to "win" the team score has the best chance of doing so by concentrating on those sports in which a large number of "events" are run off. For instance, there are twenty-four separate events in the general category of track and field for men, nine in track and field for women, ten in boxing, ten in men's swimming (including diving and water polo), fifteen in men's and women's gymnastics. There are nine events in canoeing alone! The average for each sport is about six (the winter sports, with the exception of skiing, run to fewer events); in the whole Games agenda, only four sports are decided on the basis of a single event—field hockey, ice hockey, soccer and basketball.

THIS Melbourne list of sports, always announced as seventeen sports, can as well be counted as sixteen, eighteen, nineteen or twenty-four. The winter sports, already run off, can be counted as another four, or eight.

Not every Olympic Games, depending on the discretion of the Organizing Committee, need include soccer, water polo, field hockey, basketball and canoeing. In certain circumstances, on the other hand, it is permitted to add rugby, polo, handball and gliding.

Still other events that have appeared and disappeared on the Olympic program include archery, bowling, croquet, golf, rope climbing, tumbling, lacrosse, squash racquets, roque, sixteen-oar barge, dueling pistols, swimming obstacle race, tennis, standing high jump, tug-of-war and sled-dog racing.

Few of the present Olympic sports test the unaided human body, as in track, swimming, boxing and wrestling; most involve skills with such tools as skis, skates, boats, oars, paddles, bicycles, balls, swords, parallel bars, guns, springboards.

The most flamboyant invention is the modern pentathlon (from Sweden) symbolizing the cloak-and-sword feats of a Dumas hero who rides off on his Emperor's errand, exhausts the horse and runs afoot, swims a river, shoots down an enemy patrol and finally cuts his way through with a sword to the final

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fade-out. Only the girl is omitted.

As to what will happen in Melbourne, American predictions have been largely confined to our own specialty, track and field. Both the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* give us twelve firsts. *Asia Scene* of Japan agrees and offers second place here to any nation that can put two first places together. *Collier's* thinks this will be done by Poland in javelin and steeplechase; the *S.E.P.* picks Australia in the 1,500- and 5,000-meter runs. *S.E.P.* predicts that in the overall scores the United States will "win" over Russia, 632 to 596; *Collier's* disagrees. In case you care.

SUCH high scores for the two great antagonists are on the wane. If they recur in this Olympics, it will be only for the reason that Australia happens to be midway between the United States and the USSR and as far as you can get from Western Europe, which has the most athletes. The delegations, sometimes including officials, are given as: Russia 510, United States 427, Australia 360, Great Britain 239, East and West Germany 218, France 185, Italy 182, Hungary 175. A good many of the Asians, who have had the benefit of American coaching, have sizeable entries: Korea fifty-two, Philippines fifty, Pakistan seventy-five, Iran twenty-eight, Burma seventeen. Of course the big battalions will win. But add up the score for Western Europe as a unit.

Official Olympic policy is that national team scores should be weighted against national populations. For example, in the winter Olympics, Russia scored 121 points, or a little over half a point per million inhabitants; Norway scored forty-seven points, or thirteen per million; Finland sixty-six points, or fifteen per million. Taking Russia's 121 points as parity, the others' scores should be weighted to read: Austria, 2,198; Norway, 2,820 and Finland 3,300. When the final returns are in, *The Nation* will be glad to give these weighted scores. The winner, it is pleasant to predict, will be Hungary.

The night this magazine reaches the newsstands, Thursday, November 22, it will be Friday in Australia, and the first finals will be under way in the high jump (Charles Dumas, United States), women's discus (Ponomarjeva? Yoshino?) and the 10,000-meter run (anybody). By noon, our Friday, the headlines will be counting points, and the Olympics are off and running.

THIS first week will be dominated by track and field, basketball and rowing. (The sports that run on from start to finish are soccer, fencing, and field hockey.) The tensions of the last week will be between swimming and gymnastics, so that the point-counting between the two great contenders will be drawn out to the end. This is nice scheduling.

If the Hungarians still have the heart to want it, I give them this Olympics. I know the gift is not worthy of them. If the Hungarians don't feel like winning it personally, I suggest that the United States award its points to Hungary under Point Four.

BRANDING THE EGGHEADS

But the Brand Won't Stick . . by DAN WAKEFIELD

IF THE popular discovery of the intellectual in America continues at its present breakneck speed, we will soon see Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., replacing Phil Silvers on the back of *Life* with the invitation to try a Camel and Mary McCarthy in a neck-and-neck race with Eudora Welty for the crown of "Miss Rheingold."

Traditional dwellers in the cold-water flats of public obscurity, the intellectuals have no sooner been "discovered" in this country than everyone has set out to claim them. Stevenson confidently claimed them for the Democrats ("Where else can they go?" asked one of his managers); Leonard Hall sent out a special posse (Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Eisenhower) to round them up for the Republicans; *Time* claims them for its own "affirmative" view of America, and a Dominican priest named Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger exhorts them to fill their proper role as patriotic publicity men by writing "pamphlets and manifestoes" defending their native land and culture against the sneers of the Europeans. Evangelists proudly note the intellectuals' swing to God (supposedly evidenced by increased emphasis on college religion courses) and the contemporary equivalent of Billy Sunday bringing Babe Ruth down the sawdust trail to salvation could only be Billy Graham leading Faulkner to the fold.

In the twenties, the athletes were "discovered" as an abstract image in American life, to be claimed by this and that purpose or product. They were so successfully incorporated into the national mythology that it is now accepted that all good athletes are God-fearing, church-going, flag-waving, family-loving, cereal-eating, high-moralled dog-owning men of good will who shave with Blue Blades, eat Post Toasties and have an occasional Lucky Strike. (Only Ted Williams troubles the image.) Their incorporation as social heroes was, in fact, so successful that a man who is not a professional athlete can now enhance his popular position by showing himself as a part-time practitioner of at least one sport and thereby share in the

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reflected glow of the real athlete. Eisenhower has his golf, and Stevenson trotted himself to a tennis court for campaign shots in '52: both men showed at the '56 World Series and posed for pictures in baseball caps. Being seen at the ball game is now as much a part of a candidate's ritual as being seen in church.

MUCH more suddenly and less sensationally than the athletes, the intellectuals are being discovered now as an abstract, collective image in national life. Their own game is being popularized as never before, with wave after wave of "intellectual" paperback books flowing out from New York to inundate the hinterlands, and hi-fis blooming like television sets in places where music had always meant the Sunday band concert. The rise of the intellectuals themselves to public notice—not as novelists or historians or sociologists but as "intellectuals"—can be measured by a look at the Readers Guide to periodical literature. In 1945 there was not a single article published in American magazines which the guide listed under the subject heading of "Intellectuals." in 1950 there was only one magazine article that came under that topic. It was called "John Dewey and Christmas." In 1952, when the word "egghead" got its first popular coinage during the Presidential campaign, there were nine articles written on the subject; the next year there were fifteen, in 1954 there were fourteen and last year there were twelve. So far this year, with returns not even in for October through December, the Readers Guide has recorded twenty-three magazine pieces on Intellectuals. (The words you are reading now ups the total to twenty-four.) This included cover stories by *Time* and *Newsweek*, and a *Harper's* "Easy Chair" commentary on an essay published in the same issue by Father R. L. Bruckberger.

It also included a growing list of articles which were written as retorts by certain of the intellectuals themselves to some of the previously published generalizations on intellectuals. It is here that the story of adopting the Intellectual as a national symbol, stamped and branded to a satisfactory mold by big-league publicity, takes a different twist from the story of adopting the athlete.

The athlete was neither equipped nor often impelled to dispute whatever publicity made him. He expressed himself through actions, not words, and his dissent takes the more difficult forms left open to men of action—such as Ted Williams' existentialist definition of his individuality this summer in spitting in the face of the booing fans. But the intellectuals are equipped by profession to fight words with words. If they don't like the image they are being fitted into by a magazine article, they sit down and write another magazine article explaining why the first one was all wet. That is what has started to happen now. *Time* writes about the intellectuals in America and a few weeks later Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., writes a piece called "*Time* and the Intellectuals" for the *New Republic*.

THE BASIC approach to the intellectual by all of those forces claiming him is to put him in some kind of uniform and announce to the world that he is "on our side"—a part of the team. This tactic was given its most elaborate performance when *Time* magazine lined up names and faces of twenty-six intellectuals for a June cover story entitled "America and the Intellectual: The Reconciliation." The general thesis was that "The Intellectuals" (seemingly as a marching body), once infamous as exiles and critics of America, had now begun to shift from the outmoded role of "men of protest" to the mellower one of "men of affirmation." The neatly presented thesis was constructed by heavy use of the tools of omission and incorporation. Out of the whole world of arts and letters in the United States, *Time* could include only a single "man of protest" among the twenty-six intellectuals named. The dissenter was George Kennan, who was quoted as saying, "I can think of few countries in the world where the artist, the writer, the composer or the thinker is held in such general low esteem as he is here in our country."

The inclusion of the quote was like a single "damn" tossed into a fictional dressing-room scene to give it "reality." Having made this concession to objectivity, *Time* rolled on to the names and faces of its remaining twenty-five intellectuals in a blaze of affirmation. Summoned to the barricades were "yea-sayers" such as Jacques Barzun, Lionel Trilling, David Reisman, Paul Tillich and Raymond Leopold Bruckberger.

One's first temptation, after reading the piece, is to line up a squad of "*nay*-sayers" to the Lucian vision of American life. This counterpart piece could easily be done in the same manner—and prove exactly the opposite case. Merely put C. Wright Mills on the cover and toss around names like Ernest Hemingway, Arthur Miller, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Richard Wright, Robert Hutchins, John O'Hara, Carson McCullers, James T. Farrell, Saul Bellow, Nelson Algren, John Steinbeck, Irving Howe, Norman Mailer, Dwight MacDonald, Tennessee Williams—none of whom happen to be mentioned in *Time's* comprehensive report on the intellectual in America today.

BUT EVEN more remarkable than *Time's* omissions are its incorporations. After the citation of Kennan, the impression is created that the rest of the intellectuals dealt with are among the many who "have come at last to realize that they are true and proud participants in the American dream" (*Time, Inc.* style). We get a quote from Edmund Wilson on the importance of the artist in society, and are evidently to understand that he is one of the participants in Luce's dream of America. And yet we can pick up Wilson's latest book, *A Piece of My Mind,* and hear him say that

> When, for example, I look through *Life* magazine, I feel that I do not belong to the country depicted there, that I do not even live in that country. Am I then, in a pocket of the past? I do not necessarily believe it. I may find myself here at the center of things—since the center can only be in one's head—and my feelings and thoughts may be shared by many.

For the true intellectual, the "center" is always where Mr. Wilson

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indicated—in one's head. The intellectual's image of the world and his own place in it is personal and complicated, and not so easily fitted in a uniform for service on a team.

There are many of the *Time*-cited intellectuals who could easily be suited up for service to prove some theory opposite to that which the *Time*-team is supposed to hold. *Time* asks the question (and the question itself answers much about the Lucian approach to the intellectuals): "In such an age, is there nothing on which American intellectuals can pin their collective faith?" Text for part of the answer is taken from Leslie Fiedler's pronouncement on the death of the "easy liberalism" which once made the liberal a "hero per se" to many intellectuals. Liberalism thus ruled out as "the answer," Fiedler is left on the field while the ball is passed to Russell Kirk, whose attempt to "rehabilitate the conservative mind" evidently embodies *Time's* own answer.

The audience is thus left with Fielder as a member of the "affirmative" team, easy as that. But another promoter with another view could just as easily pick up Fiedler's *An End To Innocence* and quote his description of himself as "I, who by temperament and on principle, have always been a critic and dissenter." And that slice of Fiedler standing alone would be as equally misleading as the slice that *Time* took for its own cause.

THE PASS PLAY from Fielder to Kirk is typical of the article's whole construction—a piece torn from the pattern of each man's thought and stitched together in the pattern of *Time's* own view of intellectual America. That is the only way it could have been done, for the intellectual world of this country is still too diverse and chaotic to fit into any neat frames—as it does so easily in Russia, where the intellectual situation is clearly defined each month in the pages of *Soviet Literature.*

The closest thing to setting down the kind of "party line" in fiction as presented in *Soviet Literature* in our own country was a *Life* editorial titled "Wanted: an American Novel." The editorial pointed out that our standard of living was never higher —therefore why should the novelists still be criticizing life in these United States?

The fiction writers are always hardest to put on a team, and were not allowed very much space in *Time's* intellectual world. The only intellectual "types" who got more than one mention in the *Time* piece were critics (4), historians (4), philosophers (4), and theologians (3). Of the twenty-six intellectuals cited, there was room for only one novelist. It was William Faulkner, who made the team by virtue of a statement that "I ain't no intellectual."

Murray Kempton wrote this fall in the New York *Post* that

> I wish *Time* would forget the intellectuals who teach in colleges and are safe and put poor Clifford Odets on its cover. I think it would tell us more about the real state of our culture, because, with all his failures, one lost creator is worth fifty surviving critics.

But there is no room for the lost in *Time's* vision of America—and that's why it can't tell the story it pretends to tell. The story of the intellectual in America is the story of Odets gone to Hollywood in a losing pursuit of the great cash-and-glory dream, reading the astrology columns in the Los Angeles *Times* while the shadow of Lefty hovers behind him. It is equally the story of William Faulkner, entering Hollywood to help write the gaudy *Land of the Pharoahs* and then being able to leave it behind, as if it had never existed, to return to isolation with whiskey and a typewriter in Oxford, Mississippi to write *A Fable.* It is the story of John Dos Passos speaking out of a naked passion that tears America inside out with a Marxist hero-villain trilogy that critics and readers make a classic, and then living on to write fictional denials that no one buys and to purge himself on the pages of *The National Review* with "Confessions of a Middle-Class Radical." It is the story of Maxwell Bodenheim typing out his poetic curses of God to sell for 25 cents in the streets of Greenwich Village. It is the story of Lionel Trilling at Columbia writing *The Liberal Imagination* and leading the modern literary critics; just as it is the story of his classmate, Whittaker Chambers, a witness of his time now returned to the soil.

THE intellectuals in America belong to no team, and fit no pretty pattern. The attempts to recruit them and shape their image are not being met with receptive silence. Father Bruckberger, a professional recruiter, neatly set out uniforms for fiction writers and got this response, as described by him in *Harpers*:

> Recently I dared to suggest mildly that American novelists ought to feel a somewhat deeper responsibility to their country and for the false picture the world has of her. I was censured by a whole concert of indignant replies—as if I had set fire to the temple of Minerva with my own hand.

Columbia philosopher Charles Frankel spoke up this fall in the *New York Times* Sunday magazine with what could serve as an answer to the whole clamor of claims for the intellectual:

> In the Twenties it was said that the American intellectual was 'alienated' from the American scene. A great deal has recently been said of the 'reconciliation' of the intellectual with America. It is not the business of the intellectual to seek to be either alienated or reconciled. He may be either or neither. His function is to exercise an independent and informed intelligence on matters of general concern.

In the meantime, it seems unlikely that the current discovery of intellectuals will lead as far as an ad in *Life* with Schlesinger, Jr. exclaiming in one of those dialogue-bubbles that *"Real* intellectuals smoke Camels!" And if by chance it ever does, the whole idea of intellectual endorsement will soon be abandoned by the admen when they find that Leslie Fiedler has come out the following month with a lead piece in *Commentary* denouncing Schlesinger and pointing up the merits of Lucky Strike. Branding the intellectuals in America is—thank God—a difficult and dangerous game.

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LETTERS

Guilt by Birthplace

Dear Sirs: Although I have lived in the United States throughout my forty-four years, I am perilously close to being deported to Canada. The Immigration Service maintains that I was born there while my mother was on a visit, and that I was brought here as an infant. My older and younger brothers were both born in the United States.

My two children—David, sixteen, and Vickie, fourteen—don't want to lose me, and yet they don't want to exile themselves from their country. Worst of all, their father—my husband, Saul—could not choose exile even if he wished to. He is at present appealing a four-year-eight-month prison sentence imposed on him under the Smith Act. He might never receive permission to leave here or to enter Canada; and once I crossed the border, I would never be allowed to return.

"Banishment is punishment in the practical sense," as Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has said. I know very well that I am being punished for my ideas, despite the fact that I have never been accused, tried or convicted of breaking any law. I face deportation because of Canadian birth for holding nonconformist ideas. I can understand the government's desire to punish me and my husband, even though I do not feel it is just or proper to attempt to achieve conformity through forceful methods. But I *cannot* understand why the children must be made to suffer because of the real or imagined sins of their parents.

Expressions of public opinion can materially change my status. The Attorney General has the discretionary power to stop my deportation. Any U. S. Senator or Representative can introduce a bill in my behalf which will make it possible for me to remain here with my family.

PEGGY MIGNON WELLMAN
Detroit, Michigan

Trading Stamps

Dear Sirs: I have read with great interest the article in the October 6 issue of *The Nation* entitled Trading-Stamp Stampede. Mr. Vredenburg does a fine job in considering the various facets involved.

It is the contention of the New York State Food Merchants Association that trading stamps add unnecessarily to the cost of food distribution without contributing anything. Mr. Vredenburg is quite right in stating that "specials," "leaders" etc. are greatly decreased in stores issuing stamps. Which, of course, supports the contention of this office that stamps add to the cost of foods and groceries.

One of Mr. Vredenburg's final considerations, however, comes closest to the greatest peril underlying the stamp picture. That is the thought that competitive conditions could eliminate marginal retailers and enable those that are left to cover costs by increasing sales. As you undoubtedly know, the federal government has long been investigating the large number of food-industry mergers in the past year or so with a view toward the possible resultant effects of these mergers. The New York State Food Merchants Association shares the concern of others that we may ultimately find ourselves, as consumers, faced with food-retailing monopolies which have no concern for trading stamps or other sales inducements and which may ultimately be in a position to charge all that traffic will bear.

WILLIAM G. HILDEBRAND
Executive Secretary,
N. Y. State Food Merchants Assoc.
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Vredenburg's Reply

Dear Sirs: Empirical evidence will, at times, support Mr. Hildebrand's position on need to reduce other promotional costs and will, at times, show ability to carry the cost.

The comment regarding the great peril of eliminating marginal retailers is based on a social or political opinion. My function as a marketing researcher in analyzing this phenomenon is to determine effects, and let the consumers and voters decide the desirability of the effects.

HARVEY L. VREDENBURG
Iowa City, Iowa

OFF THE EDITOR'S SPIKE

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

be concerned with the shape of the world in which corn, cattle and hogs can be sold. I have a feeling that our relations with the newly-freed peoples of Asia and Africa are deteriorating."

● IN CLEVELAND last week I had the pleasure of listening in on the sessions of the 32nd Annual Conference of the Associated Collegiate Press and of speaking at one session. Nearly a thousand college editors were in attendance. I came away from the session with some considerable doubts about the dogma that this is a "silent" generation; student participation was lively and informed. The college newspapers on display showed a high level of competence in make-up and editing, but I was sorry to discover that the college literary magazine, of which there were scores in the late 1920s and early 1930s, seems to be vanishing.

● IN AN article in *The Nation* (October 27), Gene Marine estimated that approximately $3 million would be spent by both sides in the fight over Proposition No. 4 — an initiative proposal ostensibly designed to "conserve" California's oil resources. Total expenditures were approximately $5 million. Whitaker & Baxter, the public-relations firm which handled the "yes" side of the proposition, have filed a report itemizing $2,133,226 in expenditures and expressing "amazement and incredulity" that the opposition did not spend as much. But these talented performers on "the golden kazoo" were probably even more amazed when Proposition No. 4 went down to a resounding 3-to-1 defeat. This is one of the few campaigns they have lost in California.

● THE FIGHT on Proposition No. 4 provides some interesting insights into the ability of certain corporations to make newspapers and advertising agencies jump to the crack of their whips. A letter from one major oil company was enough to induce an agency handling billboard advertising for the anti-Proposition forces to delete the word "monopoly" from a thousand or more posters which had already been pasted up. Only the San Francisco *News*, among newspapers in the bay area, would run ads of the "vote-no" committee, which charged that the measure was monopoly-inspired. It is a little hard to believe that the word "monopoly" could be regarded, in the circumstances, as libelous. But in this instance the mere suggestion that it might be was enough to precipitate a panicky capitulation. On the eve of the election, Richfield Oil Company filed a $7,000,000 libel suit against radio commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., for stating that the firm "has a very unsavory past history, was tied in with the Teapot Oil Dome scandal" and intends to "squeeze the independents to the wall." Without holding any brief for the independent oil companies or for Mr. Lewis, I hope the plaintiff is non-suited.

C. McW.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Two Great Men of the Theatre

THE DRAMATIC IMAGINATION. By Robert Edmond Jones. Theatre Arts Books. $2.75.

ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By Gordon Craig. Theatre Arts Books. $4.25.

By Francis Fergusson

Theatre Arts Books is to be congratulated for making available again these two essential documents of the modern theatre. Craig's *Art of the Theatre* was first published in 1912, Jones's *Dramatic Imagination* in 1941. But they almost overlap in time, for Jones is talking about that "ideal theatre" which he pursued from the very beginning of his career, about the time of World War I. They also agree in their basic ideals. We think of Jones and Craig as designers, but both of them were more than that—prophets of a new theatre, crusaders for the freedom of the imagination. Now, in 1956, the movement they represent seems more than ever to be the central movement in the modern theatre.

Jones learned a great deal from Craig, and Craig from Adolphe Appia, the great Swiss designer. Behind Appia, in turn, is Wagner, with his theories of the unified art of the theatre, the *Gesamtkunstwerk*. Wagner, of course, is a leader of the all-pervasive symbolist movement which quickened all the arts in Europe for several generations, and still looms over us in the work of Yeats, Mann, Lorca, Proust, and countless lesser figures. One of the most refreshing things about Jones and Craig (re-read in 1956) is that they are at home with other masters of modern art. They do not think of the theatre as show business only; they are part of the intellectual and artistic life of their times; they let a little much-needed light and air into the discussion of the theatre.

But both of them were imaginative artists first and theorists second, and for that reason both write with great vigor and directness. "These thoughts have come to me," Jones writes, "in the midst of rehearsals and in dress-parades and on the long journeys to out-of-town tryouts and in the continual collaboration with playwrights and managers and actors and stagehands and costumers and electricians and wigmakers and shoemakers which has made up my life in the theatre. Out of the manifold contacts of my experience the image of a new theatre has gradually formed itself—a theatre not yet made with hands."

CRAIG did far less work on the stage than Jones, but he too labored to put his vision into his designs. He first made himself heard as a crusader against photographic realism. He argued that plays which are mere reporting, settings which reproduce the unselected clutter of commonplace interiors, acting which mimics the surfaces of life, kill the imagination. He wanted to free the theatre artist from literal-minded documentation, so that he might use the stage as a poet uses words, or a musician sound, to embody his inner vision directly. This theme appears again and again in *The Art of the Theatre*. And as one reads, one can see that many of Craig's strictures are now generally accepted, at least in principle. We now think nothing of doing Chekhov "in the round," reducing the setting to a few props, and relying on the make-believe of actors and audience to evoke the dramatist's vision.

But, following his demand for freedom of the imagination to its logical conclusion, Craig went far beyond an attack on pedestrian realism. He points out, for example, that if the theatre artist is to be perfectly free, he cannot be the servant of the playwright, whom Craig regarded as a literary man. Craig liked Shakespeare, but he did not really want to stage Shakespeare's plays; he wanted to be inspired by Shakespeare to create new works on the stage. Thus his designs for Shakespeare (several of which are reproduced in this book) embody poetic visions suggested by a scene, or even a single line, in one of the plays.

These sets are beautiful in themselves, and stimulating (if oblique) comments on the play itself. But they are certainly not workable settings for Shakespeare, and they leave Craig wide open to the objection that his ideas are impractical. This book contains his famous essay on the "Über-Marionette," in which he proposes to substitute puppets for living actors. One can see what he means: he is simply pursuing his ideal of the theatre artist who should be in complete control of the stage medium, the play or scenario, the visual and musical effects, and the performance. It is evident that a puppet might be closer to the inner vision of his creator than a real actor; yet we must agree with the numerous enemies of Craig who cried out that you cannot save the theatre by killing off the actors.

But it is worth noting that even Craig's most radical notions have had their practical effects. If we leave room for taste at all in our view of the modern theatre, we instinctively demand the imaginative unity which Craig sought: play, performance and staging should all express the one inspiration. Some of our dancers, Martha Graham, for instance, or José Limon, come close to Craig's ideal of the all-controlling, single theatre artist. The dancers

FRANCIS FERGUSSON, one of the most distinguished American critics of the theatre, now teaches theory and stagecraft at Rutgers University. His The Idea of a Theatre, *first published in 1949, has become a standard work in the field.*

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are their own librettists; they train and inspire their companies; and to some extent they control even the music and design of their productions. They too, like Craig, are sometimes inspired by Greek or Shakespearean tragedy to create an original work which alludes only indirectly to an existing drama. Even Craig's Über-Marionette has made its appearance: in 1927 Robert Edmond Jones designed for Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* puppets fourteen feet tall to represent the characters who were sung offstage by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The puppets strode out into the darkness on the vast stage of the Metropolitan, above the massed chorus on the floor of the stage and conveyed, with their wide, slow-motion gestures, an impression of superhuman grandeur and terror such as few actors can compass.

CRAIG WAS A dreamer and a prophet, but it would be a mistake to conclude that he was deluded. He very consciously directed his energies to cultivating the theatrical imagination, but he knew perfectly well what the "practical theatre" was, for he was brought up in it. His second "Dialogue on the Art of the Theatre" shows this clearly. It is a discussion of the possibility of founding an Art Theatre in England, something like the Moscow Art Theatre, which was at that time the best in Europe. This dialogue, written in 1910, predicts the struggles of innumerable art theatres in England and in this country, as they were to be fought out during the next twenty years. Craig was practical enough to foresee both the driving force of the art-theatre movement—the new enthusiasm for poetry and imagination in the theatre—and the social, cultural and economic difficulties which were to strangle it in the long run.

Robert Edmond Jones's vision of the "ideal theatre" is in essential agreement with Craig's. But having labored here all his life, he had much more direct impact on our American theatre. This new edition of *The Dramatic Imagination* contains an introduction by John Mason Brown which vividly reminds us of Jones's devoted work for the theatre and of his fine, humorous and fiery spirit. Some of the productions he designed and inspired are landmarks: John Barrymore's *Hamlet*, for instance, or *The Green Pastures*, or *Desire Under the Elms*, or *The Iceman Cometh*. Jones was for many years the busiest designer on Broadway, and his designs lifted many a mediocre play to a poetic, imaginative level unsuspected by its author. He was also (with O'Neill, Stark Young and a few others) a leading spirit in our own art-theatre movement during the excited decade of the 'twenties. "Bobby Jones," as he was called by hundreds of theatre people, inspired, scolded, taught and helped countless young theatre artists, both by word and by example. To watch him light a scene—holding a dozen grumpy stagehands far into the morning hours, while he got just the effect he wanted, and ran up an awful bill for overtime—was a small education in itself. It was impossible to see him at work without sensing the wonderful possibilities in the stage medium: the perennial magic of "two boards and a passion."

The Dramatic Imagination is so well written that one hears his voice in every line. He was a New Englander, with the fastidiousness and the wry humor we associate with that region, and at the same time a poet, afire with his own music. He was as fanatical a perfectionist as Craig, but he had much more love and respect for the art of the actor and the art of the dramatist. His brief comments on Lorette Taylor, Duse, Chaliapin and others, show a sensitive and cultivated taste for the art of acting. His references on Congreve or Shakespeare show that he knew very well what the art of words is, and what it can accomplish on or off the stage. His ideal theatre was, as he says, not yet built with hands; yet that ideal was suggested by the best in the modern theatre, which he knew thoroughly, both here and abroad.

MOST of Jones's actual work in the theatre was designing. He was a most scrupulous master-craftsman, and thanks partly to him a very high level of technical competence is now taken for granted in our stage design. But with all his technical know-how he never lost sight of the artistic aim of the production as a whole.

> I was once asked to be one of the judges of a competition of stage designs held by the Department of Drama of one of our . . . universities. . . . The drawings were full of expressionism from Germany, constructivism from Russia, every kind of modernism. They were compilations of everything that had been said and done in the world of scenery in the last twenty years. But not one of the designers had sensed the atmosphere of the play in question. . . . In the last analysis the designing of stage scenery is not the problem of an architect or a painter or a sculptor or even a musician, but of a poet.

It is easy—too easy—to point

Haying Before Storm

This sky is unmistakable. Not lurid, not low, not black.
Illuminated and bruise-color, limitless to the noon,
Full of its floods to come. Under it, fields, wheels, and mountain,
The valley scattered with friends, gathering in
Live-colored harvest, filling their arms; not seeming to hope,
Not seeming to dread, doing.
I stand where I can see
Holding a small pitcher, coming in toward
The doers and the day.
These images are all
Themselves emerging; they face their moment : love or go down.
A blade of the strong hay stands like light before me.
The sky is a torment on our eyes, the sky
Will not wait for this golden, it will not wait for form.
There is hardly a moment to stand before the storm.
There is hardly time to lay hand to the great earth.
Or time to tell again what power shines past storm.

MURIEL RUKEYSER

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out that the "ideal theatre" of Jones and Craig was never built with hands, and probably never could be. The whole symbolist religion of art, which they shared, now looks romantic, irrelevant or escapist in our frightened times. But we can also see, I think, that they devoted themselves to something of perennial importance: the cultivation of the theatrical imagination. Their work, both their writings and their designs, record an original accomplishment: an artistic self-awareness which is unique in the history of the theatre. As Mallarmé, with his cult of "pure" poetry, is a poet's poet, Craig and Jones should be thought of as theatre artists' theatre artists. As such they have much to say to this generation. For we are now bored with the theatrical "isms" which Jones mentions and we have lost our faith in the social and political "isms" of the 'thirties. We should be ready to listen to Craig and Jones again; their generous spirit, their artistic and intellectual sophistication, their love for the theatre itself, are again badly needed in our theatre and in our discussions of that fascinating and under-nourished art.

A Breach of Satire

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD. By Nicholas Monsarrat. William Sloane Associates. $4.95.

By Kay Boyle

MR. MONSARRAT'S novel — the scene of which is a fictional island off the southwest coast of Africa, and the issue it deals with the savage man's revolt against civilized man's rule—will doubtless be high on the bestseller list by the time these paragraphs see print. The book has everything to recommend it to such acclaim: an exotic background, a love story spiced with parked car and bedroom intimacies, a readable style, a sophisticated and authoritative tone, and scenes of orgy and torture that outrage, shock and grieve.

It is entirely possible that Mr. Monsarrat's satirical treatment of give-and-take in the House of Commons, and his wholesale caricaturing of the working press, will delight many readers, as will his malicious portrait of an easily-recognizable leader of the Opposition. Actually, the satire is tedious, the caricaturing is without wit or taste, and this reviewer was deeply disturbed by the author's attempt to cut the immense problem of colonial rule and native revolt—that problem which Richard Wright recently described as the "deep, psychological compulsion [which] drove the Europeans toward the native" and "the equally deep psychological compulsions" which brought about native subservience—down to bestseller size.

The size of Nicholas Monsarrat, as a man, seems more than adequate. He was a lieutenant commander in the Royal Navy during the war, with five years of Atlantic convoy service to his credit, and eight or nine published books, the best known of which is *The Cruel Sea.* After the war, he joined the Commonwealth Relations Office, and served a long stretch in South Africa, and then in Canada. But in *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* he must, as author, answer for a number of things that do not add up so handsomely. He must answer for a singularly unsavory cast of characters which includes a gaunt, blond nymphomaniac whose uncurbed desires presumably contribute zest to the story; a group of gossiping female employees and wives of civil servants of a turn of mind and phrase so vulgar that they are without credibility; black servants who steal by instinct; white alcoholics who covet other men's wives; and a number of sensation-seeking, unscrupulous men and women of the press. To this distinguished roster must be added a handful of corrupt young leaders of the tribe who seek to manipulate their young chief, Dinamaula, recently returned to the island with an Oxford degree.

As for Dinamaula, the reader is given no choice but to accept him as a moron, his only graces his native distinction and dignity. There is, to be sure, the lovely girl secretary, and there is the handsome young civil servant through whose eyes much of the story unfolds. After the smoke of passion and battle has cleared, this young man may be found in the office of the Permanent Under-Secretary for the Scheduled Territories Office remarking that he is "glad the whole thing is settled." Although he is referring to the official disposition of Dinamaula, there is the implication that he is referring, too, to the wider conflict involved. For the solution Mr. Monsarrat's wise administrators offer has a familiar ring: that the white man must not hasten things; that he must bring the black man step by step to eventual quality.

IT WOULD be unfair, however, to assume that the author subscribes to all of the sentiments mulled over by the Permanent Under-Secretary. Here is a sample of that official's reflections on the problem confronting him:

> Obviously . . . . there was a time for compassion, and a time to be hard-boiled. In formulating this particular facet of policy, you had to strike the right balance — and also persuade a huge number of amazingly different people that you were doing so. Your critics would range from stern Empire disciplinarians who cried for a dispensing whiff of grapeshot, to others who became starry-eyed as soon as a black man — any black man — from good citizen to sleazy rogue — came in sight.

But it is possibly Monsarrat's voice, as well as that of his official, which declares that:

> The black dominion is a perfectly feasible idea, if the people concerned are really ready for the test of complete independence in a very difficult world — which means, in effect, if *we* have been there long enough. It's already emerging in Nigeria and on the Gold Coast, as you know. My personal view is that we have moved too fast there . . . . The most promising thing of all . . . . is what they are trying to do in the Central African Federation. There's the beginning, there, of a genuine black-white partnership, with both races

KAY BOYLE is well known as a novelist and short story writer.

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sitting down side by side to legislate and to govern . . . . If that Federation scheme is a success, it may serve as a pattern for Africa as a whole, and that would be a very proud thing indeed.

The Stature of Godkin

E. L. GODKIN AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, 1865-1900. By William M. Armstrong. Twayne Publishers. $5.

By Howard Mumford Jones

AS IMPARTIAL as Rhadamanthus and as thorough as the Muse of Scholarship, Mr. Armstrong gives the editorial policy in international affairs of E. L. Godkin and *The Nation* from 1865 to 1900 the most complete going-over it has ever had. One of his own questions he cannot, in the nature of the case, answer: to what extent did this independent paper, seldom or never rising in the period to a circulation of 20,000, influence either opinion or policy under an editor Mr. Armstrong calls at one time or another "irritating," "unpredictable," "inconsistent" and according to his critics "never completely American in spirit"? "Scrupulous accuracy," he avers, "was clearly not Godkin's forte when he was aroused," and yet Mr. Armstrong says that his vogue was great "among idealistic young men." Nothing is more difficult to substantiate than claims of vogue and influence, and possibly Mr. Armstrong is well advised to leave it at that.

Godkin operated from two fixed principles according to this investigator: he thought that foreign policy was the prerogative of gentlemen (when valets became difficult to find, his pessimism about diplomacy deepened) and, says our author, "commercial motives invariably shaped Godkin's judgments on public questions." But as Mr. Armstrong also tells us that in controversies in which he took part, there were commonly two Godkins, the second appearing as the controversy wore on, I take this last statement in a Pickwickian sense. Godkin's hatred for James G. Blaine, for example, seems to me at odds with the doctrine that his editorials were mainly determined by commercial motives.

If this is Monsarrat's view, why did he exclude from the many pages of this book all evidence of those "Westernized" Africans who are capable of sharing the common responsibility?

This curious and enigmatic figure, who put culture ahead of liberty, has attracted a number of interpreters, none reasoning more closely than does Mr. Armstrong, who is master at once of the history of our foreign policy in the years under survey and of the files of *The Nation* for those thirty-five years. He follows Godkin through all the windings and turnings of his emotions and his mind. He seems to think we should on the whole admire Godkin, though the rate of censure to praise in the Godkin material cited is about six to one — scarcely an index of prophetical grasp — and though phrases like "essentially gullible," "essentially negative," "tortured" reasoning, and "consistent only in the impartiality with which he censured all parties to the dispute" monotonously appear toward the end of the book's discussion of leading diplomatic problems.

Fearlessness is admirable, and Godkin was fearless, so much so that libel suits sometimes haunted him. The play of a free mind over public questions is forever stimulating. It must also be said that the editor of a weekly journal of opinion is not to be held to the consistency of a textbook — he cannot know, he cannot foresee, he cannot prophesy the entrance of new forces into any problem. But it is at least difficult to understand why a man who confused "competence in dress and manners with character and statesmanlike vision," whose "independence" was often mere "oppositeness," and whose "pen led him beyond the bounds of reasoned argument" — the phrases are all Mr. Armstrong's — can be seriously thought of as statesmanlike. He may indeed be reckoned a cut above the editor of a partisan daily, and it is also true that *The Nation* under his leadership acquired just repute as an organ of the intellectuals in fields other than diplomacy. Rollo Ogden's testimony to his engaging personality and extraordinary ability as a writer is, I take it, well founded. But Mr. Armstrong's careful and discriminating exploration of *The Nation* and of Godkin in the field of American foreign policy from 1865 to 1900 seems to me, at least, to diminish rather than increase the stature of the editor in this particular area of public affairs.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, professor of English at Harvard University, is the author of The Pursuit of Happiness *and other books.*

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Armageddon

THIRTY YEARS A WATCH TOWER SLAVE. The Confessions of a Converted Jehovah's Witness. By William J. Schnell. Baker Book House. $2.95.

By Stanley Rowland, Jr.

MR. SCHNELL was nineteen in 1924 when he began work with the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, overseeing body of Jehovah's Witnesses. He joined in the nick of time, for the end of the world was predicted for 1925, he tells us. When the world went rolling along and the Armageddon line was adjusted accordingly, Mr. Schnell also went right along.

He continued to go along for thirty years of pushing Watch Tower literature, baptising converts, and forcing local groups of Jehovah's Witnesses to toe the line. What finally pried him from his "slavery" was simply reading the Bible—without the aid of Watch Tower interpretations. He quotes from reputed Watch Tower publications in which the Protestant and Catholic churches are called "a racket invented by the devil" and "the great whore."

Jehovah's Witnesses insist that they base their thinking on the Bible. To the bewilderment of Biblical scholars and Christians generally, they cite the Bible as basis for the following beliefs: The devil and his forces in this world will be defeated by Jehovah in a cataclysm called Armageddon. Thereupon 144,000 Jehovah's Witnesses will go to heaven, while others who have been good boys will live endlessly on earth.

IT WAS these beliefs, harping on Armageddon, that controlled Mr. Schnell's thinking for thirty years of "slavery" in Germany and America. His murky, contorted description of these years abounds in exclamation points and wild generalizations. He calls the sect a worse "ism" than communism or nazism, he fears the establishment of a world-wide theocracy, and he fails to back up these charges. He dwells on his own "slavery" and "brainwashing." What finally emerges from the frantic fog of this book is the story of a narrow, fearful life.

But for all this, the book in a peculiar way has some importance. Jehovah's Witnesses number more than 650,000, perhaps the largest of the sects split from the Christian mainstream. Mr. Schnell is just one articulate sample of these thousands. It sounds absurd when he says he was a "slave" and "brainwashed," but he apparently felt that way. By his own admission he became "physically and mentally sick, full of fears and phobias." How many of his former co-religionists are being pushed to this state?

STANLEY ROWLAND, Jr., is religious-news reporter on the New York Times.

How War Became Total

ARMS AND MEN. A Study in American Military History. By Walter Millis. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.75.

By Hugh B. Hester

IN *Arms and Men*, Walter Millis writes lucidly and constructively of the world's current dilemma. For the first time in history man has, as a result of technological improvements, managerial advances and scientific discoveries, the capacity to satisfy his fundamental physical wants. Yet, because of his failure to make comparable progress in the development of social and political institutions, he now faces the very real possibility of extinction. This new book is much more than the "Study in American Military History" announced on the title page. It is the story of how the essential elements of absolute power were developed and forged into the present monstrosity of total war inside the modern state.

Starting with the triumph of the citizen soldier over the mercenaries of George III, Millis traces the efforts of free men to resolve the problem of national security in a democratic society. The early colonists sought to do this by adopting the revolutionary concept of universal service. Fearful of all arbitrary power, they sought to avoid it by the widest possible diffusion of power; by substituting love of liberty for the pay and allowances of mercenaries they sought also to limit war to the defense of democratic institutions.

Unfortunately, as Mr. Millis so clearly points out, they laid instead the foundation for the "Levée en Masse" of the French Revolution and made possible, and probably necessary, the marriage of technology, industry, science and managerial "know how" to the war machine. If all were obligated to serve in defense of the state how could the managers, the owners of vast enterprises, the scientists and skilled workers avoid their specialized contribution? And as these special skills and resources became available to the state they made inevitable the development of the modern military machine into an instrument of total destruction.

THAT development could have been avoided in only one way: the concurrent development of social and political institutions competent to control the war machinery itself. Strangely enough, Mr. Millis is almost completely silent on this vitally important matter. The United Nations — still the one great hope of man — is rarely mentioned and then only in the most casual fashion. He says nothing about the desirability of resuming the organizational development which was interrupted with the establishment of the present national state out of the earlier fragmented empires or outmoded tribal states. He devotes no time whatever to the discussion of how man might again meet the supreme challenge of survival. In the closing paragraph he ends on an obviously fragile note of faith when he writes: "Presumably the human race will

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in the future . . . find means of getting along somehow . . . "

Arms and Men is a useful piece of writing as are all the Millis books, but it clearly lacks the balance, the depth and completeness of some of the earlier ones, and especially *The Road to War*. In that he made a tremendous contribution to peace by describing how modern propaganda makes almost impossible the development of sound foreign policies in a democracy.

Another book of the character and scope of *The Road to War* is desperately needed now and in its absence the makers of foreign policies should carefully re-study the older volume. The volume under review here, unhappily and in a seemingly arbitrary manner, is limited primarily to a description of the elements of power which have been combined to make war total inside the modern state; because of this limitation it is somewhat like a treatise on cancer without any speculation as to its cause or discussion of possible cures. While it is possible for the perceptive and careful student to read into this work the author's fundamental belief of the futility of war, this may too easily escape the casual reader.

What is greatly needed now from the fertile brain and facile pen of Walter Millis are two obvious additions to form a trilogy: one on the causes of war and the other on its cure.

Too Much Asia

By O. Edmund Clubb

SAID KIPLING, "Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old." Events from the China Coast to Suez bear him out.

CHINA AND SOVIET RUSSIA. By Henry Wei. Introduction by Quincy Wright. D. Van Nostrand Co. $7.75. Dr. Henry Wei, former news editor (*Chinese News Service*), traces China's relations with Russia from the Chinese Revolution of 1911 down to the present. His work glosses over the Chinese National Government's shortcomings and failures, the while it blows up the international significance of various actions on the Soviet side.

He often implies an American obligation to rescue China from its predicaments where none existed; but he disparages the American post-war mediation efforts — and the material aid given the Nationalists. The result is badly mis-shapen history.

KOREA: A STUDY OF U. S. POLICY IN THE UNITED NATIONS. By Leland M. Goodrich. Council on Foreign Relations. $3.25. An authority on the United Nations views critically American post-war relations with Korea. He states that if its policy had simply purposed the independence of Korea, the U. S. might well have recognized the de facto Korean authorities found in being there by the U. S. Military Command when it arrived in 1945. "However, the Command appears to have assumed that the Koreans were incapable of governing themselves, and furthermore to have viewed the [1945] People's Republic as being a front for Communist activity."

Dr. Goodrich suggests that by its subsequent Cold War maneuvers, in both Korea and the UN, the United States helped to crystallize the division of Korea. He holds that "The central failure of United States Policy . . . was in not defining with greater clarity what the position of the United States would be in case of armed attack on the Republic of Korea." He notes the mistakes we made while conducting military operations in the Korean War in exercise of the UN trust. But in the end he points out the novelty and difficulties of our functioning within a coalition, and finds that the whole operation paid us "heavy dividends." This is a valuable lesson, admirably told, in coalition statecraft. It is revealing history besides.

THE NEW JAPAN—GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS. By Harold S. Quigley and John E. Turner. University of Minisota Press. $5. This book's detailed analysis of the structure and administrative procedures of the government and political parties of Japan is chiefly for the political specialist. Of outstanding general interest, however, is the authors' authoritative account of the American Occupation, with its sweeping imposition of democratic forms upon the conquered Japanese nation. Political scientists Quigley and Turner patently believe that MacArthur should have determined Japan's new form of government in accordance with "the freely expressed will of the Japanese people," as promised at Potsdam; instead, "For a paper accomplishment to signalize the rapid progress of Japanese democracy SCAP risked the reputation of American democracy and the good will of Japanese intellectuals. . . ." In that light, especially, the book's discussion of post-war politics and the strengths and alignments of the various Japanese political forces has an unusual contemporary importance. At this moment, Japan hesitates before the issue of its future orientation in international relations. The critical tests for its fiat democracy have yet to appear — but they are certain to come.

COMMUNISM AND NATIONALISM IN THE MIDDLE EAST. By Walter Z. Laqueur. Praeger. $6.50. The Editor of *Soviet Culture* (Congress for Cultural Freedom) has managed the optimum in timeliness for an excellent survey of Middle Eastern extremist movements. The historical reviews of the different countries reflect the natural complexity of Middle East conditions, but common phenomena emerge: age-old social patterns in decay, and a pervasive poverty; growing nationalism; and the leading role of the intelligentsia in the new movements. The section on Egypt has a high current interest; no less timely are the two chapters "Russia Re-Enters the Middle East" and "Conclusions."

Appendix I, devoted to "Marxism, Leninism and the Middle East," and presumably written before the 20th Communist Congress met at Moscow this last February, has faults of omission: the recent shift in international Communist strategy is not assessed, and the treatment of Chinese Communist thought is inadequate. But this is what might be called an appended shortcoming. With a rare competence Laqueur portrays the complex forces that today make for revolutionary change in the Middle East; and he utters a clear warning: "The Middle East is a world in urgent need of a universal message . . . The West has been offering technical aid and Point Four loans, while communism offers a new creed. . . . Technical aid is a poor substitute for the holy grail."

O. EDMUND CLUBB, a retired American Foreign Service officer, spent twenty years in Far Eastern posts.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE LATE October and early November openings of new plays have so piled up that I cannot perform my journalistic task with a regularity that fits the calendar. I prefer the Old Vic's production of *Richard II* to its *Macbeth,* but I shall return to the Old Vic season (at the Winter Garden) after the opening of its most entertaining production—*Troilus and Cressida*—which I saw and made note of in London.

I shall undoubtedly have something to say in a later piece about Rosalind Russell in *Auntie Mame* (Broadhurst) which I liked somewhat less than most of the reviewers, and about Michael Redgrave and Barbara Bel Geddes in *The Sleeping Prince* (Coronet), as well as Phoenix Theatre's production of Ostrovsky's *Diary of a Scoundrel,* which I liked more. But important matters should come first. I refer to José Quintero's production of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (Helen Hayes).

It is easy to say—and I hereby say it categorically—that *Long Day's Journey Into Night* is a play everyone should see and admire. No matter how one views it, it is impressive. It is not only unique among American plays, but in O'Neill's work itself. For it is an unabashedly autobiographical statement, something torn in agonized honesty from the memory and conscience of its author—who appears to have been compelled to set down this testament of his early home life to preserve his sanity. His chief, one might almost say his only, purpose was revelation of himself to himself. There is something moving, even great, in the impulse of the play, and no one can witness it without reverence for the *selflessness* of this extremely personal act.

The result, artistically speaking, is a solid (despite its length), unadorned and arresting piece of realism. What is remarkable about this is that O'Neill, reputedly the arch-realist of the American drama, was never wholly a realist: he was largely a romantic—even something of a mystic. He was a romantic struggling to wrest meaning out of the painful data of his life, hope out of the sadness that never ceased to overwhelm him. Yet in this play where he undertook to expose the core and cause of his melancholy—his overpowering, majestic father, his envenomed brother, his shattered, innocent babe of a mother—in this play which he wrote as a release from his torment, as an expiation, as an effort at compassionate understanding and finally to enable himself to forgive, the texture is harder, less evocative, less profound in mood or meaning than in his technically and intellectually more fumbling plays. One leaves *Long Day's Journey* with a sense of stunned awe, but not emotionally transfigured.

One reason for this, I suspect, is that in his determination to be utterly objective—to avoid pitfalls of sentimentality and self-pity—O'Neill, who was neither a thinker nor a sharply observant depicter of character (the portraits in this play are convincing but rudimentary), lost some of the intuitive feeling which informs nearly all his work with a brooding and penetrating power far greater than anything that can be measured by a rational yardstick. O'Neill, the romantic though only half-articulate poet, yielded himself to the fullness of life's turmoil. He could not entirely cope with it, but for all that it became intensely dramatic and palpitant in his presentation.

O'Neill's formative years, epitomized in the play's long day in 1912, were part of a period when the American experience—no longer a fresh adventure, a healthy exercise in discovery, pluck and epic struggle—hung heavy on the citizens of our big cities and towns. The massive wealth with its raw patches of hang-dog poverty, the overfed acquisitiveness and the depleted inner energies, the proud muscularity coupled with increasing enervation, went into making that murky brown, dejected yet glamorous gloom which enveloped a giant people. This was the later-day period of America's coming to consciousness and no one in the theatre ever expressed it nearly as well as O'Neill. But, strangely enough, there is less of this atmosphere in *Long Day's Journey,* which purports to be a forthright document, than in his dramatic inventions, which often range very far from home.

THE production of the play may be another cause for my reaction to it. It is a faithful, thoroughly intelligent and professionally knowledgeable production, wholly devoted to the realistic letter of the play. But by being so literal an embodiment of the dramatist's text the production comes to share the play's limitations, whereas it should transcend them. Means might have been found to create from the climate of O'Neill's spirit a greater feeling of shadow and depth out of which the play's figures might emerge with a more poetic and grander stature.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, excellent and finely motivated actors though they are, provide rather more characterization than creative interpretation. They excite our interest but tell us little more than what O'Neill has set down verbally. For sheer virtuosity—taking the stage, as professionals say—Jason Robards as the elder brother in the best-focussed scene of the production—a drunken midnight exchange with his brother—makes the most vivid theatrical impression. A greater scene—the final confrontation of father and younger son—fails of its full possibilities because the actors (March and Bradford Dillman as the boy) concentrate more on the momentary situation and on the action of the words than on the over-all inspirational source which gives the scene its lyric essence and thematic inevitability. For what the play deals with is not so much the details of one family's misery as the submerged struggle against the dead weight of material pressures in a world where the needs of the human soul are clamorous yet barely recognized.

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TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

November 25 through December 1
(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, November 25

U.N. IN ACTION (CBS). Summary and analysis of the week's activities is provided by Larry LeSueur. Films of high spots, interviews with a diplomat taking leading part in events and with two newsmen. This is a regularly presented public service.

DEAN PIKE (ABC). Guest of the Very Reverend and Mrs. Pike will be James M. Read, Deputy High Commissioner of Refugees for the United Nations.

MAN AND SUPERMAN (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Maurice Evans and many of the company from his revival several years ago of Shaw's comedy, in a 90-minute TV version. (Color)

OUT OF DARKNESS (CBS). Reshowing of a moving documentary on mental illness which tells with discrimination and taste the story of a young woman undergoing treatment. The fact that this is the third showing of this 90-minute program is sufficient comment on its excellence.

Tuesday, November 27

MARCH OF MEDICINE (NBC). Report on the work of an American medical missionary in Africa, with John Gunther as commentator. Filmed in the Belgian Congo. (Color)

Wednesday, November 28

TREASURE ISLAND (ABC; Disneyland). Part I of Robert Louis Stevenson adapted by Disney. Produced in England against authentic settings of 18th-century pirate hangouts.

Thursday, November 29

CONFESSION (CBS; Playhouse 90). Overcome by the temptation to fill in with film, Playhouse 90 presents this Screen Gems production, starring Dennis O'Keefe, June Lockhart and Paul Stewart. It will be interesting to compare the canned and live items in this series.

Saturday, December 1

HAMLET (ABC; Famous Film Festival). First half of the Olivier film. First time on TV.

RADIO

Wednesday, November 28

THE CHALLENGE OF PEACE (ABC). Victor G. Reuther of the UAW will discuss "America's relations with the peoples of less-developed areas" in the second lecture of this series.

A. W. L.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE SUBJECT of *The Rack* is so controversial that reviewers automatically apply to it such adjectives as "mature," "courageous," "provocative." Yet in real fact the movie provides no ground for controversy. It is sober, conscientious, thoughtful, but in the end a work of ethical mugwumpery.

When, given the methods of persuasion now available, may a prisoner of war honorably agree to collaborate with his captors? Well, says Rod Serling, who wrote the television play on which this M.G.M. movie is based, that is a vexing problem. And he goes on to show in detail just how vexing it is.

The Rack is admirable for the humane and unsensational terms in which it is framed and for the intense and credible performances that director Arnold Lavien obtained from his cast—particularly from Paul Newman as the officer returned from a Korean prison camp and now standing before a court-martial, and from Edmond O'Brien who defends him and Wendell Corey who conducts the prosecution.

I will qualify my criticism to the extent of acknowledging that Mr. Serling makes it clear that a man who collapses under extreme mental duress is more to be pitied than scorned. He writes for a wide audience and there may be those in it so insensitive that this view had never occurred to them. But on the real questions—how does one measure mental anguish and who is to judge how much of it another man must endure—he never commits himself. I respect Mr. Serling for his honest perplexity, but not for ducking an issue he chose to raise.

AS IT has been brought to the screen by William Wyler, Jessamyn West's popular novel, *Friendly Persuasian,* is a good-humored excursion into Quaker debunking. If a producer poked similar fun at the tenets of one of the more militant faiths, he would be pilloried, picketed and banished from the sight of sober men.

The film tells us that the Friends are a people who call one another "thee," who foreswear music, dancing and vanity of the flesh and who will not under any provocation raise their hands against man or beast. It then takes us back to the time of the Civil War and introduces us to an estimable family of Quakers, the Birdwells, who race horses on Sunday, admire themselves in mirrors, secrete a parlor organ in the attic, dance at county fairs, kiss soldiers in corners and take up arms to repel the invader. They are steadfast only to their conviction about the second person singular.

Now it is true that the Birdwells are an honorable and attractive family by non-Quaker standards and that many devout Quakers today observe a less rigid code than the Birdwells set themselves. But the entire plot of *Friendly Persuasion* swings upon the premise that Quakers do not, and cannot, abide by the special principles of their religion. Quakers, it says, are amiable hypocrites, all prim and cool on the surface, but underneath as hot-blooded as the rest of us and as ready, when the occasion arises, for a fight or a frolic. If I were a Quaker, I should consider this presentation inadequate.

As Jess Birdwell, the father of this impetuous family, Gary Cooper has invented a nervous daintiness, as though everything he touched, including his own wife, were piping hot. It is a disconcerting affectation in so large a man. Dorothy McGuire, as the wife and mother, and Phyllis Love, as the daughter, are most comely in their poke bonnets and tight bodices.

JOSEPHINE HULL is an admirable actress who embodies what all of us like best in our maiden aunts. Judy Holliday is another admirable actress who embodies quite other qualities. So Miss Holliday's *Solid Gold Cadillac* on the screen is very

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different from Miss Hull's famous vehicle on Broadway. I like Miss Holliday's interpretation as much as I did Miss Hull's and I like the movie better than the play because Miss Holliday has far better support. The business executives who prove no match for an original-minded stockholder were not very resourceful comedians in the stage version; on the screen, they are all—but particularly Paul Douglas and Fred Clark—perfect foils for Miss Holliday's naive shrewdness. And, where the original kept falling off into an aimless buffoonery, the movie maintains a steady satiric edge. The credit for this must go to Abe Burrows, who wrote the adaptation of the George Kaufman-Howard Teichman play. And to Richard Quine who has directed a thoroughly diverting picture.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

IN THE FALL of 1954 the NBC Symphony Orchestra, making its first public appearance as the Symphony of the Air and without its great conductor, amazed its Carnegie Hall audience with the precision and tonal beauty that were the continuing result of the years of playing under Toscanini's disciplining hand. The performances had been recorded; and friends of the orchestra who contributed ten dollars or more received a record with the Berlioz *Roman Carnival* Overture, Wagner *Meistersinger* Prelude and Tchaikovsky *Nutcracker* Suite. For a contribution of twelve dollars or more to the Symphony Foundation of America, Inc., Carnegie Hall, one now can have the orchestra's recording of the Dvorak *New World* Symphony. It is interesting to compare this performance of the work with the earlier one recorded for RCA Victor under Toscanini's direction: without him the brass section can produce its breathtaking blended sound at the beginning of the second movement, but not a secure execution of the cross-rhythm in the Scherzo; and Toscanini's performance has a controlled poise, sharpness of articulation, tension and power that only a single directing force can create in the playing of an orchestra. On the other hand the orchestra's own performance is reproduced with more life-like sound.

Orchestra and conductor are heard together, on RCA Victor LM-2026, in the performance of Strauss's *Don Quixote* which they broadcast on November 22, 1953. The work is Strauss's masterpiece; the performance—with the NBC Symphony's superb first cellist, Frank Miller, playing the solo cello part—is incomparable in its clarity, coherence and expressive point; it is reproduced beautifully; and all these things make the record one of the year's events.

As for Dvorak's *New World* Symphony, Columbia ML-5115 offers a performance by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Ormandy's intensification and underscoring and the orchestra's gorgeous sound.

FURTWAENGLER'S outstanding characteristic, for me, was his extreme self-indulgence, which was visible in the appearance of states of trance and seizure that he exhibited on the podium, and audible in what he did with the music. In April, 1929, after hearing Karl Muck conduct his Hamburg Philharmonic in Beethoven's *Eroica* and Ninth Symphonies in Copenhagen, I got back to Vienna in time for a Furtwaengler performance of the Ninth; and I remember the striking contrast between the steadiness, control and power of Muck's performance and the whipped-up frenzies of Furtwaengler's. In Salzburg in 1937 I heard Furtwaengler conduct the Ninth again; and I remember the performance giving the impression of a preoccupation with now this, now that effect of the moment that destroyed continuity in the work. And Victor LM-6043 now offers the performance of the Ninth that reinaugurated the Bayreuth Festival in 1951, in which Furtwaengler indulges himself on the one hand in unprecedented extremes of ponderously slow tempo, and on the other hand in momentary discontinuous accelerations and retardations (he still has his old tendency to slow down a decrescendo and rush a crescendo). The Bayreuth Festival Orchestra sounds better in this performance than in Columbia's 1951 Bayreuth *Meistersinger;* the chorus is excellent, as are Otto Edelmann and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (she is, however, unable to sing her last taxing ascending scale legato); the other soloists, Elisabeth Hoengen and Hans Hopf, are less good. The performance is reproduced well, except for a blurring of some of the loud choral passages by the strong hall reverberation.

Beethoven's Symphonies Nos. 1 and 8 are played well on London LL-1493 by Ansermet with his Orchestre de la Suisse romande, except for one detail in the finale of No. 8: instead of allowing the pianissimo opening theme to collide with the fortissimo C sharp, Ansermet makes a pause before the C sharp, which destroys the humorous effect there.

In the opening Allegro of Bach's great Concerto in D minor, on London LL-1445, the timbre of the harpsichord played by Karl Richter can be heard clearly against the sound of the string group of the Ansbach Bach Festival, but not the pitch; and to some extent this is true also in the final Allegro. Only in the Adagio is the solo part heard satisfactorily. The most effective performance of this work is still the one of the violin arrangement by Szigeti with the New Friends of Music Orchestra on Columbia ML-4286, which Columbia regrettably is withdrawing from the catalog. On the reverse side of the London record is Bach's less interesting Concerto in C for two harpsichords.

The suite from Stravinsky's ballet score *Pulcinella* is played well on London LL-1494 by Ansermet with his Orchestre de la Suisse romande; but one should acquire instead Stravinsky's own performance of the entire delightful work on Columbia ML-4830. On the reverse side of the London record is the uninteresting *Song of the Nightingale.*

Prokofiev's engaging *Overture on Hebrew Themes* Op. 34 and two pleasant minor pieces, *The Ugly Duckling* Op. 18 and *Summer Day* Suite Op. 65a, are played well on London DTL-93084 by André Jouve with L'Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Elysées.

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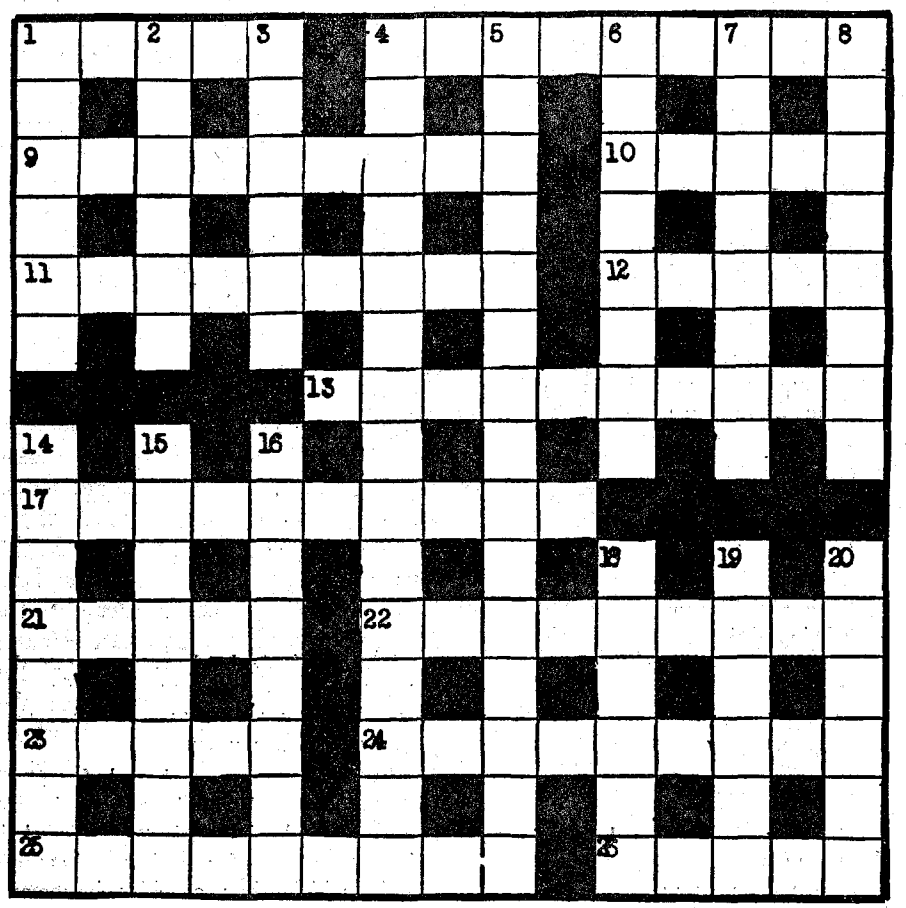
Crossword Puzzle No. 699

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 13 Match, for example, like a vane. (Such things shouldn't hang heavy on your hands.) (5, 2, 1, 7)
4 Is it full-blown in youth? (6, 3)
9 Sort of rides with a couple in a broken-down state. (9)
10 Encumbers. (5)
11 Found on turning sixteen, or likely to be difficult 10 across. (9)
12 American, but not the extreme sort of man one might find in the heather. (5)
13 See 1 across
17 Does a person take years to turn a place of rest into this sort of job? (10)
21 Said to be out of 9, making it more mature. (5)
22 Take exception to the wrong cloth measure in the alteration. (9)
23 A good one should imply an occasional ace. (5)
24 Implying the eggs hatch outside. (9)
25 He evidently deserves a letter. (9)
26 This is always a container for something made from agave. (5)

DOWN:

1 Rung an essential part of it, or just run. (6)
2 Secure, and about to query the packing. (6)
3 What's the score? This is it! (6)
4 Do they draw neck scarves together? (3, 12)
5 Eden's fine-feathered friends? (5, 2, 8)
6 The lunar change is evidently doctrinal. (8)
7 It was illuminating to see a little southern state take such a snub. 3, 5)
8 Is a number inside to unite or go astray? (8)
14 This could make 8 cry out with the the first of 4 down, yet it half supported Olympus. (8)
15 Infused either the lungs or the mind. (8)
16 Give rage or pain. (8)
18 Look! The animal comes up around it and gazes in satisfaction. (6)
19 Buns are sometimes wrapped in them. (6)
20 A steel reproduction of a flower head. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 698

ACROS: 1 POLYCHROME; 6 AND 23 SPARKING; 10 NOVENAS; 11 UNIFORM; 12 PARALLELEPIPED; 14 INTIMATE; 16 AND 15 LIVERY STABLE; 18 DISGUSTS; 22 CENTRALIZATION; 24 ICEBOAT; 25 ANIMATE; 26 GUST; 27 MODERNISTS. DOWN: 1 PIN-UP GIRLS; 2 LEVERET; 3 CONGLOMERATION; 4 RESPECT; 5 MOUSER; 7 PROVERB; 8 RANK; 9 DISINTEGRATION; 13 MESSENGERS; 17 VIEWERS; 19 IMITATE; 20 SPIRALS; 21 TATTOO.

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